

SEYMOUR CASTLE:

K
OR THE

HISTORY

OF

MISS ST. LEGER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED BY H. COLBERT, No. 136,
CAPEL-STREET.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

SEYMOUR CASTLE

OF THE

HISTORY



IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY...

M^{rs} Richardson



SEYMOUR CASTLE.



LETTER I.

Miss ST. LEGER to *Miss* CECILIA WALDER-
GRAVE.

Beverly.

WITH an heart overcharged with affliction, and almost blinded by my tears, I sit down to account to my Cecilia for that silence she complains of. The apprehensions you entertained were too well founded, happy am I to think my dearest friend knew not to a certainty what I suffered in that tedious interval, but when she hears her Julia is become an orphan, it will more expressively convey to her imagination my melancholy situation, than any language I can make use of to describe it; for words are

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inadequate to express the anguish of my mind; grief will not kill, or I should ere now have fallen a victim.

The fatigue I went through during my dear mother's fatal illness, threw me into a fever, which for many days baffled all the art of the Physicians, at length youth and a constitution naturally good, triumphed over a malady that had brought me to the confines of "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." But tho' my bodily complaints (excepting weakness) are removed, time only, with the assistance I hourly implore can administer relief to the feelings of the heart. Teach me thou Divine Power! Resignation to thy will, and make me content with thy dispensations! To acquiesce with patience I am sensible is my duty, but the conflict between that and nature is great.

Your Julia is weakness itself; I bend beneath the weight of woe. Now do I experience the want of my dear Cecilia's sympathizing tenderness: how much would your presence alleviate my present distress! In vain I seek an affectionate friend to sooth my sorrows, alas! I find myself bereaved of all such consolation, and then most sensibly feel the irreparable loss I have sustained. As soon as I have recovered sufficient strength to
undertake

undertake a journey I am to go to Seymour Castle the seat of Lady Seymour, my ever dear mother's most particular friend, to whose protection she has left me. I already esteem her Ladyship (tho' I have never seen her) from the character drawn of her by that amiable parent, whose retired life prevented her having any intercourse with the gay world in which Lady Seymour lived, till the death of her only child, which happened two-years ago; since which time she has constantly resided at Seymour Castle. Immediately on her being informed of the death of her friend, she dispatched a messenger with a letter to me, that has convinced me of the goodness of her heart, and the high estimation she held her in. Since the melancholy event I have received no visitors but the Rector and his daughter, whose grave disposition is better adapted to my situation, than any of my young acquaintance.—Write soon my Cecilia for your letters will bring consolation to your

JULIA ST. LEGER.

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LET

LETTER II.

Miss CECILIA WALDERGRAVE, to Miss St.

LEGER.

Grosvenor-Square.

JULIA, my dear Julia, my heart sympathizes in your distress, without having it in my power to alleviate your affliction! When I received your affecting letter, I went to my mother's dressing-room (with my eyes swimming in tears) to request her permission to go to the friend of my heart, after she had looked over your letter, she said she was sorry it was not in her power to comply with what I seemed so earnestly to desire, adding, you know Cecelia I cannot dispense with your attendance in your sister Harriet's absence, nor do I think Miss St. Leger can want company, as she must have her attention taken up in settling her affairs, which I suppose are much deranged by the death of her mother, as the principal part of Lady Mary's income was for life; I am glad, continued

tinued she, Lady Seymour is to be her Guardian, she has no children to provide for, and that may be an advantage to your friend, as her Ladyship is possessed of a large independent fortune. I was so agitated at her refusal, and the unfeeling manner in which I thought she expressed herself, that I had not power to reply, and indeed I knew it was in vain to urge my suit. Nor will you who know my mother's disposition towards me, be surprised at her not indulging me.

Never before this, my Julia, did your Cecilia find obedience a difficult task, tho' my patience is too frequently put to the trial by the too apparent want of that parental affection, she so profusely lavishes on my sister.

I am so unhappy at knowing your situation, that were I not apprehensive of adding to the distress of my sweet friend, I should be at Beverly as soon as the Post. Write my dear Julia, for I shall be miserable till I hear from you, and be as explicit as possible with regard to your affairs, as the hint my mother threw out of your circumstances, has made me unhappy. If, as she thinks, they are embarrassed, you know I am mistress of some thousands, independent of any

one, which unless my Julia will consent to partake, will never be enjoy'd with satisfaction by her

CECILIA WALDERGRAVE.

LET.

SEYMOUR CASTLE.

LETTER III.

*Miss St. LEGER to Miss CECILIA WALDER-
GRAVE.*

Beverly.

YOU judged rightly, my dear Cecilia, when you supposed your coming without your mother's approbation, would have made me very unhappy, do not, my dear friend, let the share you take in my sorrows cause you to offend your parent, and be assured I bear no resentment to Mrs. Waldergrave for her refusal, tho' so directly opposite to my wishes; and I have the satisfaction of assuring my affectionate Cecilia, that I have, with the assistance of reason and religion, brought my mind to such a degree of composure, as to think of my situation with more calmness than I could possibly expect when I last wrote to you. My heart is filled with gratitude to that Divine Being to whose assistance I owe my present tranquillity, and arraign myself for murmuring

at his will. My dear mother's last request shall be attended to: I will no longer indulge unavailing sorrow, tho' her remembrance must be ever dear to my heart.

And now, my dearest Cecilia, how shall I express my thanks for your kind consideration, I can but faintly convey my feelings, but they are wrote with the pencil of Gratitude on the tablet of my heart; imagine what your own would be on a similar occasion, and it will tell you what are the sentiments of your obliged friend, who by the prudent œconomy of the most amiable of women, am left in a state of independence; which makes it unnecessary for me to accept your generous offer: but to satisfy your affectionate inquiries will be explicit with regard to my affairs, for which I must begin at a very early period, and relate some circumstances you are perhaps unacquainted with.

My mother you know was the only child of the Earl and Countess of Villers; she had the misfortune to lose both her parents, before she had attained her fifteenth year, possessed of a large fortune, with the addition of a very beautiful person, she had soon a great train of admirers, many of them of the first nobility, but she preferred Mr. St. Leger contrary to the advice of all her friends
tho'

tho' he was in point of family and fortune her equal; but unfortunately was of a most extravagant turn, with a strong propensity to play: however the settlements were so drawn, that my mother remained in possession of her fortune. For two years their happiness was uninterrupted, at the expiration of that time my father grew visibly unhappy at having no child, and at length began to treat my mother with great indifference, at the end of the fourth year I came into the world only to add to her unhappiness, as he did not conceal his dissatisfaction that it was not a son. He now gave himself intirely up to a set of sharpers, which reduced him to such straits, that as he could not incumber the estate, my mother was obliged to advance such sums to make him easy, as reduced her fortune to six thousand pounds and her jewels, which were valuable, those she vested in proper hands for my use.

Our house was now a continual scene of riot and dissipation, without my mother having it in her power to prevent it. The excesses my father was guilty of, threw him into a bad state of health, and an apoplectic fit put a period to his life, and left his amiable wife involved in innumerable difficulties. The house and furniture was sold to satisfy the creditors, but my father's brother, who came

into the estate, behaved in the kindest manner to her, tho' my father and he had not been on good terms for years, owing to a dissimilarity of temper and sentiments, for my grand-father dying when he was but a child his mother indulged him in an inclination, he had to a sea-life, before he could have received an education proper for a gentleman; but the goodness of his heart makes ample amends for that deficiency. He settled on my mother during her life, (as he had always the highest respect for her) five hundred pounds a year, with that and the wreck of her large fortune she retired to Beverly, which I set down as the happiest period of my life; as it was there I first saw my Cecilia, and formed that friendship that will end but with my existence.

My mother who was elegantly accomplished, dedicated most part of her time to my education, and spared no pains to form my taste and improve my judgment; she would say, my dear Julia, were it not for the amusements I had within myself, I should have ere now sunk under the variety of misfortunes that oppressed me, and the forming your mind has been a source of pleasure to me. Happy in the instruction and society of such a parent, I had no wish ungratified. The ensuing winter she proposed quitting
our

our retirement, and spending it in London, as she was desirous to have me introduced to her friends who assemble there at that season. But Heaven was pleased to counteract her intentions, and with reverence I submit to its all wise decrees. I have been as particular as possible I could, to satisfy my dear Cecilia; and to ease her mind of the fears it entertains on her Julia's account. If the weather permits, I set out to-morrow for Seymour Castle, and as soon as I arrive you shall hear from

Your,

JULIA St. JEROME.

LET-

LETTER IV.

*From the SAME to the SAME.**My dear Cecilia,**Seymour Castle.*

YOUR friend has changed her late melancholy abode, to the seat of peace and happiness, if I may judge from what I have already experienced. After a disagreeable and I may say sad journey, I arrived here on monday evening; and was received by Lady Seymour with the affectionate warmth of a tender parent. Whilst she held me in her arms, her tears poured on my cheeks, you are welcome my dear child; forgive me for thus distressing you (for she perceived I was much affected) I once had a daughter, and she too was a Julia. The Almighty thought fit to deprive me of that blessing; the trial was severe, but I have long since learned submission to his dispensations, tho' I can't refrain, now and then paying the tribute of a few tears to her memory; but it is past, and I am again composed, wiping her eyes and again embracing me, called me her dearest

est child, all the while my heart was ready to burst; my bosom heaved with sighs of sympathy, till a friendly shower relieved me.

My dear Cecilia, with such a pattern of resignation before me, joined to my dear mother's injunctions, I'll strive to banish all gloomy and melancholy reflections which have for some time devoured me: I'll call reason to my aid and strive to conquer, what I am certain is sinful to indulge. But I perceive I digress from my subject. Lady Seymour introduced a Miss Emilia Sydney to me, saying, she knew an old woman was but disagreeable company for a constancy, and therefore had got a young one to entertain me, and she hoped her Emily would profit by the acquaintance. Miss Sydney saluted and requested my friendship in the most engaging manner, she is a very lovely girl about seventeen without the least degree of affectation, her Father is nearly related to Lady Seymour, and has very great expectations from her Ladyship; as she has remained unmarried, her relations look on her as their property. Her nephew Lord Henry Seymour is however considered as her heir, he is now abroad but is expected every day: his character is perfectly amiable, when his name happens to be mentioned,
they

they all run riot in his praise, by their accounts of him he is a perfect Phoenix, but enough of a Stranger.

Before I left Beverly, I received an answer to a letter, I wrote immediately after the death of my dear mother, to my uncle St. Leger, it is penn'd in a very affectionate tho' blunt manner, as I believe. I have told you he is by no means a polished fine gentleman. He married when he was stationed at Bengal, and got with his wife the enormous sum of two hundred thousand pounds, but for it, he bartered his happiness, as she has proved to be a very termagent; she entirely manages the poor gentleman, however he says he will allow me the five-hundred pounds yearly, as long as I continue to deserve it, would take me home but is not master of his own house, desires I may not throw myself away, for as I am a proper damsel I may mend my fortune by matrimony, and if a good match should offer, he will in spite of all his family throw in his mite. The intire letter abounds with more native goodness of heart, and speaks more forcibly to the feelings than the most studied eloquence.

I have answered his letter in the best manner I was capable of, but have refused the annuity, as having no occasion for so large an

an income; that the interest of the ready money my mother left me, was I thought more than sufficient to answer my expences, but would apply to him if I had occasion, and returned him thanks for his parental attention to me; in my next will give you a description of this family of Worthies. Till then, adieu my dearest Cecilia,

Your ever

JULIA St. LEGER.

LET-

LETTER V.

From the SAME to the SAME.

I AROSE to write to my Cecilia, just as the rosy fingered morn had unbarr'd the gates of light, so charmingly described by our immortal Milton; the sun soon followed gilding the hills, whilst the birds celebrated his approach with their soul-felt harmony, the beauty of the scene caught my attention, I stood an hour an humble admiring spectator, and now sit down to introduce my dear Cecilia to the amiable Lady Seymour, and family; she is as I suppose about fifty years of age, her person rather tall, with such an air of Majesty and grandeur, as strike one with awe on first seeing her, but there is so much sweetness and benignity, blended in her countenance, with an elegance of manners which seldom unites in one person, and sets one quite at their ease, her disposition which was naturally chearful, has given way to a tender melancholy, since the death
of

of her darling daughter, who was snatched from her at the blooming age of eighteen: she however, delights to see every one about her cheerful and happy. The domestics are little inferior to their mistress, as none else would be fit inhabitants of the Castle. Lady Seymour says, she beholds them in the light of unfortunate friends, as long as they behave themselves with propriety.

The castle is situated on an eminence, and is a fine Gothic building, it abounds with grand views, and extensive prospects, the domain is the largest in this part of the country, as for the gardens they defy my power of description, suffice to say, Vertumnus, Pomona, Flora, and if there are any more Gods and Goddesses, who preside o'er fruits, shrubs and flowers, they have certainly fixed their abode in this enchanting place, and have all contributed to make it a perfect Eden: all around the Castle the people wear the smiling face of Peace and plenty; the men are employed in the grounds, the woman and children in useful industry, and the idle are punished by not being admitted to any of their rural Festivals, the principal day is the first of May; when two of the most industrious of the young people are chosen King and Queen, the great prize is a crown (which half the

the world are fighting for) but theirs is one of Roses without thorns, and therefore sits quite easy on their brow. One of the advantages attending their royalty is an invitation to dine at the Castle every Sunday, and if they continue to behave well, are to have fifty pounds on the day of their marriage, and there's hardly a young couple, but what have been crowned with the insignia of merit.

Thus does Lady Seymour spend a large fortune in dispensing happiness to hundreds, and insuring a great reward to herself. The reason I have become so suddenly acquainted with those customs; the important day is near, and as Lady Seymour presides as judge, I am to attend the coronation. I must make some preparations, proper for the occasion, so shall not write to my dear Cecilia, till the grand affair is over. You are by this time I hope satisfied with my account of Seymour Castle and its appendages. Emilia is tormenting me to chuse some ribands and flowers for a hat, as she intends she says, to look killingly handsome in her rural dress, the whole side of the country, are to be invited, and she insists that it will be a shame if we do not make Conquests. She is at the door,

SEYMOUR CASTLE. 19

door, and will not go without me, Fare-
wel, my dearest Cecilia, says your affec-
tionate,

IV R VI JULIA St. LEGER.

LET.

LETTER VI.

Miss CECILIA WALDERGRAVE to Miss St.

LIGER.

Grosvenor-square.

MY dearest Julia's last entertaining letter afforded me more heart-felt pleasure than I have experienced since I knew that you were unhappy. I was certain my dear girl had nothing to do but call reason to her aid, and I knew her good sense would prevail, for to persevere was to arraign the dispensation of Providence, the sensibility of my Julia's disposition is truly amiable; but sensibility too much indulged after it passes the bounds prescribed, degenerates into weakness which in a female often proves dangerous.

“ For

" For ease nor peace that heart can't know

" That like the needle true,

" Turns at the touch of joy and woe,

" But turning trembles too.

as for the male creatures, their sensibility is all affected, if they had any in reality, it would make them more agreeable, as it would humanize their hearts, and soften their manners. The few that possess it, how very amiable does it make them.

I think I hear my Julia say, sure this is not my giddy friend turned Preacher; indeed I am not surprised at your doubting, for upon my honour I am astonished at my own cleverness, I think I bid fair for happiness in the married state; for I am sure to treat him with variety, and that is what all the sex are fond of. Sherbet is never good unless the sweet and sour are well blended; but a truce with nonsense, I am quite in raptures at your situation, and were I of the party, I should use all my influence to obtain the Rosy crown, how delightful would it be, to feel it encircling my brow! I believe for the time it would make me happier than

For

than a wreath of diamonds. But I forgot it is the reward of merit; if so I should be distanced. Happy Lady Seymour, that has the power of dispensing blessings to so many without injuring herself. Gracious Heaven! How much such a woman must feel the loss of her child! Oh! Julia, she was like you in face and person, as well as in name, I am not surprised at poor Lady Seymour's being affected at seeing you. The lovely Julia Seymour, and I were companions at school, there we formed a tender friendship which death dissolved. The first time I saw you I was astonished at the resemblance, and from that time I always looked on you in the light of my friend revived; but I do not know what bewitched me to introduce such a melancholy subject, to distress the tender heart of my Julia; her perfections shall ever dwell on my mind, but never since her death could I bear to speak of her.

You say Miss Sydney has bespoke your friendship, tell her I will not allow her to rival me in your affections, I will permit her to make as many conquests amongst the male world, as her beauty intitles her to, but let her leave me the heart of my friend; which I'll preserve till I resign it to some valiant Knight who must deserve it, but where he'll come from Heaven knows, for as yet
you

you never felt the least spark of pity for any one of the unfortunate swains, that bowed before the shrine of the fair Julia's beauty. Poor Howard I did, and do pity you: indeed Julia, Edwin was a gentle youth, heir to eight thousand a year and a title, on my life you were very hard to please. Apropos I wish this same Lord Henry Seymour was arrived, I long to have a description of a Phoenix. My mother has sent to let me know she is waiting for me to go to Lady Wilton's Rout, just as I was preparing to introduce you to an admirer of your humble servants. I cannot stay to satisfy your curiosity, and have only time to assure my dear Julia, I am ever Yours,

CECILIA WALDERGRAVE.

LET-

LETTER VII.

Miss ST. LEGER to Miss CECILIA WALDER-

GRAVE.

[Seymour Castle.

I HAVE just stolen a moment to tell my dear Cecilia, that Miss Sydney and your Julia are adorned for conquest; and I will give you an account of our Ammunition and arms. Our dresses were white sarfnets, covered with silver gauze, the trains set on with a girdle of French flowers, a wreath of flowers on the Petticoat, our hair dressed without powder; a small crape hat with spangled gauze, and a few flowers is all the ornament we have on our heads, a moss rose and some lilly of the valley compose our bouquets; are you not of opinion, we shall cut a figure at our *fete Champetre*; there's to be an amazing number of fine folks, for this part of the world abounds with them, amongst

amongst the rest Sir George Mordaunt; the most accomplished man in the country; elegant in his person and address, but has too much confidence to please me. He has lived mostly abroad, where he has contracted rather an indifferent opinion of women in general, however, he is very agreeable, and along with all his perfections, has a very large independent fortune; the last ingredient not the worst part you'll say; Emilia has fixed on him, so I have given him up without a murmur, for he is not to my taste: there is to be a family of Wrongheads from whom we expect great amusement.

How light one can write when the heart is at ease! but sure my dear Cecilia does not seriously blame me, for not accepting Mr. Howard. I esteemed but could not love him, and tho' you may call it Romantic; I must feel more than friendship for the man I connect my fate with. Why did my Cecilia defer introducing her Julia to her new adorer, sure you must think I would be anxious to know if he was approved by you. I believe I will not have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity by giving you a description of Lord Seymour, as his aunt has not heard from him for some time. I am sent for to attend Lady Seymour in the drawing-room, and will not seal this till I can send you an

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account

account of this day's entertainment, Adieu,
ma Chère.

In Continuation.

NEW S, my dear Cecilia, Lord Seymour is arrived, but I must methodize a little, and introduce you to him in his place. When Emilia and I went down, we found assembled in the drawing-room, Lady Seymour, and a Lady HardgrSve, who to the affectation of being thought a person of understanding and learning, entirely manages her family and husband, whom she treats upon all occasions with the greatest contempt. Poor Sir Jeremiah, why did your God-fathers and Godmothers give you that name, for I am afraid it was ominous, he is the most fidgeting, harmless mortal you ever saw, and so well trained, he is ready to fetch and carry for any one that will employ him. The two Miss Hardgrove's, both timid looking girls, the youngest, Miss Sophia, has rather more vivacity than her sister, and often returns the ball to her mother with interest, whilst the more gentle Letitia feels her mother's foibles too sensibly.

When

When Lady Seymour had introduced Emilia and me, the young ladies began to admire our habits; upon my honour Miss St. Leger, says Miss Sophia, your trimming is the most elegant fancy I ever beheld, at the same time casting an expressive look at her sister's and her own, pray ma'am look at these roses, one would hardly take them for artificial. Lady Hardgrove objected to them, as being expensive without being lasting, adding I would not permit my daughters to lay out their money on such slight materials. Now the trimming on their gowns will last half a dozen, and indeed the observation was just; for it was a rich embroidery on a rose coloured lutestring, chosen for its quality of not fading the poor girls appeared as if ready to faint under the weight of their cloaths. When I had a daughter, says the amiable Lady Seymour, I always let her chuse her own ornaments, and if she was pleased I was satisfied; the two girls thanked her with their eyes; that is what I want my Lady to do, says Sir Jeremiah, (stroaking his ruffles, and giving himself an air of consequence) to let the girls have their own fancy, and I am sure they would look the better, and pray Sir Jerry, says Lady Hardgrove, drawing up her head and taking snuff; was your advice asked, that you are so ready to give

your opinion : at the same time darting such a look as threatened a storm, it was, then he appeared the very Jerry Snake.

The company began to come very fast, so an end to this unedifying conversation, with which I am sure you are heartily tired ; Lady Seymour looked at her watch, saying we must not keep our rural friends waiting, as it is near the hour of one ; we attended her ladyship to the lawn, where there was an Amphitheatre erected. Lady Seymour sat in a chair of state as Judge, over the chair hung the rose crown. Oh ! Cecilia, how I wished for you, every thing was superb, without being gaudy ; we found assembled on the Lawn all the rural nymphs and swains, dressed with such simplicity and taste, as would astonish you, every four had a garland of flowers, there was forty dressed for the occasion, who stood and wove their garlands together, you cannot form an idea of any thing more beautiful ; but when they came to the foot of the throne, with their pretensions signed by the elders of the village, the prize was adjudged to Patty Fairfield, a beautiful girl about sixteen ; at that moment she was not to be envy'd, for whilst I was binding the wreath on her brow, (as that was office assigned me) I thought she would have died with confusion, tho' I did all I could to encourage

courage her ; I am convinced she would willingly have resigned the prize, rather than have attracted the notice of the company by obtaining it ; such ! my dear Cecilia, is the vanity of human wishes.

Whilst I was performing the part of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir George Mordaunt made his appearance, and when the ceremony was ended, he made me a number of compliments on my manner of acquitting myself, saying, you have the art Miss St. Leger, to fetter hearts, as easy as you bound the temples of the innocent Patty. Lord help the poor hearts then, said the sprightly Emily, for I do not think they can hope for a return. Why not Miss Sydney ? is Miss St. Leger engaged ? no, as for that I believe she is not, but in my opinion not one of the male creatures can deserve her ; that is very true replied Sir George, (bowing down to his shoe buckles, tho' perceivably mortified) but your fair friend must not expect perfection amongst the male world ; you are quite right returned she, indeed they are a sad set ; prithee Julia, says she, turning to me, inform us what kind of a yoke fellow you would chuse ; for I can tell you, there are some ready to offer. Sir George stepp'd forward to the place where I was talking to Miss Hardgrove, and taking me by

the hand, Miss Sydney tells you true, and I am one of the most presuming, as I request the honour of your fair hand for the evening; the request being granted we returned to the music parlour, where there was a grand concert performed, which fill'd up the space till dinner time; all the company, and spectators were entertained in an elegant manner, every thing discovered the simple and sublime taste of the directress; and made one reflect we should always unite the useful with the agreeable.

Sir Jerry would have made you laugh, had you seen how very busy he was, as Lady Seymour had requested him to preside at one of the tables, which rendered him so compleatly happy, that he did not mind his Lady's snubbs, of which she was not sparing. In the evening the castle and gardens were magnificently illuminated, and about nine the ball was opened by Sir George and your Julia. After the minuets were over, Lady Seymour begged we would dance the minuet de la Cour; Sir George and your friend first figured, then Emily and a Mr. Singleton, who performed inimitably; whilst they were dancing, I perceived some confusion amongst the servants, as soon as the dance was finished, one of them whispered Lady Seymour, who changed colour and quitted the ball-room,

room. In' about a quarter of an hour, a servant told Miss Sydney and me, that his Lady would be glad to speak to us, we apologized to our partners, and left them to solace themselves at the side-board in our absence; as we went towards the saloon, Julia, says Emily, can you guess what all this means, not I, well I will tell you, some great Prince travelling along, hearing of this our grand fete, has taken it for a Tournament, is come to enter the lists, and will expect the fair Julia, or Emilia, as the reward for his valour, I wonder which he will like, Lord bless me, what vanity was in that thought, upon my word Julia, I wish you fairly married out of my way, and there is Sir George ready to take you for better, for worse, but perhaps you'll prefer the prince in disguise; by this time the servant opened the door, just as I said, continued she, for there he is in close confab with her ladyship.

When we entered Lady Seymour advanced to meet us, give me leave Miss St. Leger to introduce Lord Henry Seymour to your friendship. My Lord, this is my Julia, and as you are both my children by adoption, I request you will love her with brotherly affection; as you will find her deserving your warmest esteem; Lord Henry pressed my hand to his lips, saying, your Ladyship's

injunctions I shall certainly obey, as I find I have a strong propensity to love my charming sister, but your Ladyship has not given her the same command but I must study to deserve it, he then turned to Emily, my lovely cousin will pardon me for not paying my compliments sooner. Oh! I forgive you, replied Emily, you were so taken up admiring Miss St. Leger, you had not a moment to bestow on a simple girl. And do you blame me for that Emily, rejoined he, indeed I do not says she, for I do not take you to be either deaf, blind or insensible. Come girls, says Lady Seymour, it is time to return to the company, and make some apology for our absence, you will be ready my Lord to attend us at supper, most certainly madam, says he, for the time I shall spend in dressing, I would look on as thrown away, if it was not to make a more proper appearance in your Ladyship's presence, he bowed, and then withdrew.

When we returned to the ball-room, Lady Seymour acquainted the company, that Lord Henry was arrived, and that was the cause of our elopement, Sir George flew to meet me, but when he heard Lord Seymour was come, his brow lowered, and I heard him mutter damnation, he then turned and asked my opinion of Lord Henry, really Sir George, returned I, I cannot attempt to form
any

any judgment of my Lord, as I only saw him for a moment. Whilst we were speaking he entered the ball room, dressed in a milk white French frock, with silver spangled frogs, his waistcoat a pale lilac, covered with a spangled net work, in my life I never saw any thing more elegant; the instant Emily perceived him, she cried out on my honour Julia, he wears your colours to night, at the same time she asked Sir George if he did not think Lord Henry the handsomest man he ever saw. Sir George who was no way delighted with this conversation, answered he must be the criterion of beauty; since we approved him, adding, you know that ladies are the best judges of male beauty, he then went and complimented Lord Henry, for they were intimate abroad. I cannot account for the manner he received the news of my Lord's arrival, for certainly he did not seem quite pleased, Lord Seymour danced a minuet with Miss Hardgrove, I never spoke during the time they were dancing, my thoughts were, I do not know; how employed. When it was over, well Miss St. Leger, says Sir George, who had observed me all the while, what idea have you now of his Lordship, for you have considered him with great attention; this I thought, he spoke with a sneer. Why

Sir George replied I, smiling, I think Lord, Henry Seymour very handlome, and if the face be an index to the mind, his must be very amiable; have you not done with the poor man yet, says Emily, coming over to us, his ears must be in a disagreeable condition, for it is his misfortune to distract some more of the company; there's poor Sir Jerry so delighted at my Lord dancing with his daughter, that he has absolutely cryed with joy. He unfortunately asked Lady Hardgrove, if she did not think his Letty, and my Lord would make a very handsome couple; her ladyship rebuked him very severely for his remark, and soon turned his joy to mourning, but make haste, the cotillion party are waiting for us.

Sir George had engaged me for the first set, and we then danced country dances, until we were summoned to the supper room; which for taste and elegance far surpassed any thing of that kind I ever saw, and am certain was no way inferior to your most brilliant places of entertainment. You have often rallied me for the care I took of my hands and arms; but if you saw Lady Hardgrove's cherry coloured fist, helping whipt cream, you would dislike the contrast as well as I. Lord Seymour was my partner for the remainder of the

night,

right, he is exceedingly entertaining, indeed Cecilia he is very agreeable; about four o'clock we separated all very well pleased, and tho' heartily tired, I sit down to give my dear Cecilia an account of the day's amusement; as the post goes out early in the morning, write soon, and continue to love your,

JULIA St. LEGER

LETTER VIII.

Miss CECILIA WALDERGRAVE, to Miss St.

LEGER.

Grosvenor-Square.

I Have this moment received my Julia's entertaining packet, and congratulate you, on the agreeable addition to your family; but I would be wanting in friendship if I did not warn my fair friend to beware of the idea of May, and the attractions of Lord Seymour: your own words will fully explain why I give my Julia this caution. "Indeed Cecilia, Lord Seymour is very agreeable and entertaining" take care my friend, how you dispose of your affections; for by all accounts his heart is composed of frozen materials; not but what I think my dear Julia possesses charms sufficient to melt the heart of the coldest Laplander, and do not doubt but Lord Seymour will feel their influence; the ladies

ladies of the ton are much disappointed at his leaving town so early in the season, and begin to call his taste in question ; for preferring the country and an old woman to their more delightful society.

I write as if my mind was much at ease, tho' sorry I am to say it is quite the reverse ; my mother's ill temper, sometimes conquers your Cecilia's spirits, I imagine it is Harriet's neglect has piqued her, and makes her so peevish to me ; sometime ago she wrote to hasten her return, but she is so delighted with the amusements of Paris and Versailles, that Lady Meadows has wrote for longer leave ; my mother is vexed at the request, as you know she idolizes my sister, and wishes to have her with her, for I believe she thinks I have too much pleasure, by going so much into company, and listening to the soft nonsense of the pretty fellows, that flutter perpetually at public places. A propos, I promised to introduce you to my new admirer ; no less a personage than the Earl of Dartford, in whose cause my mother is very sanguine, but as I have not the ambition to be a Countess, his splendid offer has been rejected, and his little Lordship is now I suppose bemoaning his fair one's cruelty. My mother told me she imagined I had formed

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ed some improper attachment, or I could not decline so advantageous an offer. I cannot find says she, what his Lordship sees in your person to attract him; I was nettled, and answered rather short, that whenever I married, I would please my fancy, that his Lordship did not answer my idea of the person I should prefer to the rest of mankind; beside added I, madam, I hate abridgements.

My mother was most exceedingly angry, you'll say with some reason; but I got out of the room as quick as I could, and sat down to write to my Julia, in hopes to recover my spirits, which I must strive to preserve, for if I was to lose them, I know not what would become of your poor friend; happy it is for me, that my father was sensible of the great difference my mother made between my sister and me, and left my fortune independent of her, after the age of twenty one; as I am convinced, she would never consult my inclinations in the choice of the person I was to marry, so she approved him. I must now prepare for the Opera; the Friseur is come, therefore must attend the important business of the toilet, and prepare for conquest. "Now awful beauty puts on all its charms" perhaps his lord-

ship

ship will be there, if so I must behave myself to please my mother. Adieu my amiable friend,

and success attend your

CECILIA WALDERGRAVE.

LET-

LETTER IX.

LORD HENRY SEYMOUR to Sir CHARLES

WILMOT.

Seymour Castle.

I Arrived here on wednesday evening, safe and sound, but how long I shall remain in that state, is wrapt in clouds of impenetrable darkness; not but what the out-works of my heart have received a severe shock, from the most perfect form my eyes ever beheld, but a mere form will not conquer me: it is really impossible to find a single fault with the casket, and if the gem it contains is of equal value, I will not answer for the consequence; but I am writing in parables, therefore will strive to methodize a little, and begin my tale.

When I came in view of the castle, it was rather

rather late in the evening, I was astonished at the illuminations of it; and the gardens: the first thought that occurred to me, was, that my old aunt had played the fool and married, and that they were celebrating the wedding. But I rejected that idea as soon as formed, at last I recollected it was her annual feast, which she gives her friends and tenants, for indeed Charles, she is a very amiable woman; for dispensing pleasure to others constitutes her happiness. When my arrival was made known, it was with difficulty I could keep the servants joy within bounds; I sent one of them into the ball-room to acquaint Lady Seymour; she soon appeared, and received me with unfeigned affection, and after chiding me for my long silence and absence, she told me she had a new relation to introduce me to; then sent the fellow in waiting for a Miss St. Leger, and Miss Sydney, the latter you know; when the ladies came, Lady Seymour took the lovely Julia by the hand, and presented me to her, at the same time she requested me to love her; but it was fraternal love the old lady meant; I am much afraid I shall be too ready to obey her in one sense of the word.

When I went into the ball-room, I found Sir George Mordaunt in close conversation with Miss St. Leger; I felt a degree of uneasiness

ness at seeing him with her, which surprised and alarmed me; as I did not know on what terms they were on, for you know Mordaunt is a very handsome fellow; and one very likely to gain the affections of any woman: he was very glad to see me, and in the course of conversation, asked me what I thought of Miss St. Leger; I gave her the praises she deserves, adding, you seem to be on very friendly terms with her, you are mistaken, said he, she is civil but that is all, however, I intend trying my fortune with her, for I love her to distraction. He danced with her the beginning of the night, but after supper I had the honour of her hand; I observed with no small pleasure that her behaviour to Sir George was politely cold, even to frost, so I have not much to fear from him; I will court her friendship, but not her love; but Wilmot you'll say, friendship with women is sister to love, pray Heaven! that saying may be verified, and that the beauteous Julia may feel a mutual flame, and till I am convinced she does, never will I appear in any other character than that of her friend, whilst I am under the same roof with her. I shall have a thousand opportunities of marking my attentions without seeming to obtrude them; but I hear her soft voice under

my window, she and Miss Sydney are going
to walk, I fly to follow them, so not one
word more from your

HENRY SEYMOUR.

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LETTER X.

Sir CHARLES WILMOT to LORD HENRY

SEYMOUR.

London.

HA, Ha, upon my honour, my Lord, I cannot help laughing; and so if the gem corresponds with the casket, your Lordship will not answer for the consequence; I will lay any wager in your next you will tell me.

“ I’ve view’d her over with a curious eye.”

“ She’s all perfection, or all blindness I.”

Believe me, you are far gone in the belle passion, and I congratulate you, as I think it is a fortunate event; it will make your time pass more agreeably, for in the name of Heaven, what could you have done to while away your hours in the country, with no other

ther companion but your old aunt, except you intrigued with her chamber-maid. Now this is the month dedicated to the mother of the arch urchin; I would have you pay your devoirs to madam Venus, that she may influence her son to be propitious to your passion, so my lord I would have you make hay whilst the sun shines, there's a proverb in defiance of Chesterfield of immortal memory. Now I think hay making and love making are the most delightful of all rural amusements; for the pleasure of the bottle and the chase, I equally detest. Pray send me a description of your divinity; whether she is tall or short, plump or slender, fair or brown, in short let me have her portrait at full length; if she is a girl of the world, Sir George is a rival to be feared, as he is an independant man, not under the controul of an old father or uncle, and possessed of a fortune sufficient to gratify the vanity and extravagance of any female, and that is saying a great deal; if ever I marry, for that's a doubt with me, I expect no great matters, no Angel, a mortal woman will do my business, and I am determined my rib shall not have pin-money, but will give her unlimited credit on my agent; to see if generosity will have any effect, and make her

her ashamed to go beyond the bounds of prudence. I wish a bill would be brought into Parliament to put a stop to the insatiable thirst for gaming, that at present pervades the whole sex : for almost every woman of rank in my eyes are little better than sharpers. If it is my fate to be shackled with one of that cursed race, I am sure I shall hate her heartily, and then madam will no doubt put it in my power to give employment to Doctors Commons.

The infernal matches which one sees every day in the world so much outnumber the celestial ones, that the encouragements to an indissoluble union are every hour decreasing. The women are becoming so intolerably corrupt, that a man must be absolutely mad to incur himself with a wife. I do not know what has put it into my head to rail at the dear creatures, for you are convinced Seymour, that I adore the whole sex ; but I believe it is what our unfortunate friend Ponsonby suffered on his helpmate's account that has given me the spleen; You'll be concerned to hear that his misfortunes have caused him to put a period to his existence ; his sensibility was too great to support the loss of fortune, and to be dishonoured

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ed by the woman he idolized. She first involved his estate for more than it would sell for, and then eloped with a French Marquis, who had pocketed most part of the money. If I had been in his place I would have thanked him for taking her off my hands.

There's amazing changes in the ministry, and such squabbling in the house, that Lord Morpleth is fatigued almost to death; he is at present very bad with the gout, but that does not prevent him from doing his duty; as he says, for he looks on himself as another Lord Chatham, and would not desert his country, when she stands in need of his assistance; for *Amor Patriæ* occupy's his whole soul, he reads me long lectures on the subject, and repeats those lines of Addison's with extacy.

“ It's a pity one can die but once to serve their Country”—upon my soul Seymour, if life was to be sacrificed we would not see so many Patriots. You may be sure I do not say so to old square toes, who is an enthusiast, and any slur thrown on his favourite Hobby, would certainly put me out of favour: as that would not be to my advantage, I listen patiently. Villers has called
on

on me to take a saunter in the Park. He desires me to present his *Baisemains* to your Lordship,

Adieu, mind my advice,

Yours

CHARLES WILMOT.

LET.

LETTER XI.

*Miss St. LEGER to Miss CECILIA WALDER-
GRAVE.*

Seymour Castle.

A Thousand thanks to my sweet apprehensive friend for her kind caution. Your attention to my happiness is strongly marked by it; but to make your mind easy, my Cecilia, Lord Seymour can be nothing to me, as I hear he is to be married to Lady Caroline Newbourg, who has an enormous fortune, so you see I am perfectly safe from encouraging, if I felt a penchant for his Lordship. Were you to see him, you would think me fortunate to have that security, to steel my heart against his many perfections, for if I was commissioned to portray an image which might exhibit the happy union of an exalted soul, and a heart

in which mild humanity sits enthroned; I would take the person and features of Lord Seymour, I shall say nothing of the sweetness and agreeableness of his voice and manner, nor the penetrating softness of his fine eyes; but with all his charms and accomplishments I feel no other sentiment than the most perfect esteem; which, without being guilty of injustice and ingratitude, I cannot deny to his merit, and the pleasing attentions he pays me; I say pleasing, because they are entirely free from Compliment. He treats me with a brotherly freedom, and considers me as his aunt's favourite. Emily and I have commenced his pupils, to perfect us in our Italian tho' he is so polite to say, I do not require an instructor. However I will not let the opportunity pass, as he is complete master of the Language, and have began to translate Tasso's Jerusalem.

We are all invited to spend next monday at Sir George Mordaunt's whose seat is about ten miles from this, and is called Bellview; I hear a great deal of the elegance of the house and gardens; but I would rather not go, as Sir George behaves in too particular a manner to me, to set it down as an agreeable day; for I am not enough of a coquet to be pleased with the assiduities of a man I do not mean to encourage. Emily is in raptures

tures at the idea of going, and torments me not a little. Lord Henry is not to be of the party as he is to go for a few days to Mr. Steward's at Abbeville. I regret the necessity of his going, as I shall be more disengaged; for I always make him my property when Sir George is here, to prevent his teizing me with unmeaning flattery.

Ah! my Cecilia, why is your mother blind to the perfections of her amiable daughter? tho' Harriet may be deserving, she does not merit more regard nor affection than my Cecilia! however, I feel unspeakable pleasure that it is not in her power to force your inclination, or else I would tremble for the future peace of my sweet friend. I wish that your interview with my Lord D. was over. Your mother I fear, will be dissatisfied when she finds you persevere in your refusal; you will have need of all your fortitude and spirits to support you under her displeasure; but it is your province to submit, and follow her advice in every thing that does not clash with your own happiness. If your sister was returned, you would not be so continually in her presence, but I fear it will be a great while before Harriet will think of home, for the vivacity of the French must be very agreeable to one of her volatile disposition.

Lady Seymour talks of going to Spa next
D 2 summer,

summer, what I would give to have my Cecilia of the party. Perhaps Mrs. Waldergrave will not refuse Lady Seymour; who admires my friend and runs in raptures of her whenever she is mentioned: the recollection of your dear companion always sinks her into melancholy, at which time she generally retires, and when she returns appears quite composed. We pass our time in a most pleasing manner, our books, our music, and our work fill up the morning; the evening in some rural excursion of Lord Henry's planning, who never fails to strike out something new and agreeable; you would absolutely think him a Necromancer, or else had obtained Harlequin's sword; we have so many changes of amusements, but his favourite is music, we are all harmony, and if the evening proves wet, we have a concert in the saloon, which generally concludes with a ball. The two Miss Hardgrove's are always of the party, and are very agreeable when they are under no restraint, they both sing very well and with judgment; I play the Harpsichord, Emily the Guittar, Lord Seymour the Violincello Sir George and Mr. Singleton the Violin, Lady Seymour's two blacks the French-horns. You see what a strong Orchestra we have, and perform pieces of music that would astonish you, and are now getting up a play, but

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I am very apprehensive I shall cut but a very bad figure, as I have not had the advantage of seeing any but strolling players, but for one season at Bath; the Clandestine Marriage is the play fixed on, Lady Hardgrove is to perform Mrs. Heidelberg at her own desire and Fanny by your friend; amidst all these amusements my thoughts often wander to Grosvenor square; write my dear Cecilia, my heart is agitated on your account, and am impatient to know have you discarded Lord D. and the consequences attending your refusal of him. Adieu my dear, and believe me ever

Your

JULIA S. LEGER.

LETTER XII.

Miss CECILIA WALDERGRAVE, to *Miss* St.
LEGER.

Grosvenor-Square.

IT is you my dear Julia, should be called apprehensive, for believe me, I expected his Lordship's visit without the least palpitation; indeed my dear, we giddy girls, in which number I am afraid you must rank your Cecilia, have ten times the advantage of your serious sentimental ones, the important affair is over, of which I intend to give you a particular detail. I was last night at the Opera, attended by my noble admirer, so bedressed and befrizzled that his hair looked like the quills upon the fretful porcupine, very fortunately for me he had not much time to spare, from admiring his pretty little person.

son, to pay much attention to me, at which you may believe me, I was not very angry, as Lord Melvin was of the party, with whom I flirted not a little. My mother did all she could to separate us, but it was ineffectual as his Lordship overcame all difficulties, and placed himself on the seat behind mine; but I paid for the amusement his agreeable conversation afforded me; for when I got home my mother read me a long lecture on propriety of behaviour, and at the same time told me to prepare to receive Lord Dartford next morning; who intended to honour me with a visit.

So my dear Julia, I made a virtue of necessity, and composed my mind to give him his audience *dé Congé*, in as polite a manner as possible. You may be sure I did not spend much time at the toilet, and about three o'clock his Lordship arrived in a new *vis-à-vis*, drawn by a pair of beautiful white Barbary coursers, which almost staggered my resolution, but I returned to their master, and that soon settled the point; he was shewed to my mother's dressing-room; where they were closeted above an hour, he then sent to request the favour of kissing my fair hand, the servant was ready to smother, in suppressing a laugh, while he was delivering the message. When I entered the drawing-room, I had

prepared my best curtsy; but I found that was needless, as his Lordship was placed opposite a large pier glass, standing on tip-toe, one hand in his waistcoat pocket, the other displaying an elegant diamond ring; rehearsing I suppose, the speech he intended making to my Ladyship. I stood some minutes before he perceived me; he was so entirely taken up in Narcissising his own beautiful person: when he found I was in the room, he turned quick round, and ventured to smirper without discomposing those features he had been so long adjusting in the glass, upon my Honour Julia, I could scarcely refrain from laughing, he looked so exactly like a monkey that had just got on its finery; however, I paid my compliments with a tolerable composed set of features, and took my seat.

Immediately his Lordship opened the cause. "I hope I have the pleasure to see the divine Miss Waldergrave well, your complexion madam, answers in the affirmative, and if the countenance be an index to the mind, I flatter myself that I shall obtain a verdict in my favour" at the conclusion of this very elaborate speech; he drew himself up half a foot higher, and offered me a pinch of real Strasbourg, out of a box of looking glass, observing there was no going without a pocket glass, and he had converted his into a
snuff

snuff-box. You see my dear the vanity of the creature, he did not think it possible I could withstand his numberless attractions; however I did not seem to understand his meaning, and turned the conversation to a more interesting subject, for I admired his cloaths, his sword knot, in short I took him on his weak side, and make no doubt if I would have sacrificed happiness to fortune; that his Lordship would have given me a *Carte Blanche*, he was so delighted, and think he received more than an equivalent, in my praises; but as I had a mind to rid myself of the business, ambition being out of the question, I wished he would more fully declare himself, and as I was revolving in my mind how to bring it about; his Lordship arose from his chair and advanced towards me with a very satisfied look, said he, Mrs. Waldergrave has I presume Miss Cecilia, acquainted you, that I aspire to the honour of calling you Countess of Dartford. You see Julia, the man thought the magic would be in a title, so addressed himself to my vanity, it was as much as to say there lies the charm: ye right honourable sounds. ye vain blandishments: what recompence can you make, the many wretches of your creating; but as I was resolved not to add to the number, returned his Lordship thanks for the good

opinion he entertained of me, but it was honour I must decline accepting of, and requested he would soften the refusal to my mother, who would be much disappointed at it.

I wish Julia you had been in a corner of the room looking at us, I continued knotting whilst his Lordship fretted, and fumed at a great rate, he walked several times up and down the room so greatly agitated that his words could not find utterance, he hemmed several times, and I absolutely believe he was inclined to call names, but stifled them at the expence of his breath, for he was almost suffocated; at last he made an effort to articulate that he would certainly let my mama know my extraordinary behaviour, as he was led to imagine he should not meet a refusal, and a person of his consequence was not to be trifled with; I told him any further application to my mother was unnecessary, as it would not be the least service to his cause, and was sorry to see his Lordship so much discomposed on so trifling an occasion. I then curtsied and retired. He went directly to my mother to lodge his complaint, and I to my pen: bless me what an elegant desert I shall have to day, for my mother will not have an opportunity till after dinner to censure my

conduct; which I am determined to submit to, with the utmost meekness, from a consciousness of having acted with propriety; for how despicable must any woman be in the eyes of the world who allies herself to that insignificant fop.

You say my dear Julia, Lord Seymour can be nothing to you, why so my sweet friend? all the reason you give, is with all his accomplishments and charms, you feel nothing but a perfect esteem; may not that my dear ripen into love? he is now your tutor, and has a thousand opportunities to recommend himself in that character, "And truths Divine come mended from his tongue" But you are the best judge, and now Julia, I am going to be impertinent, and ask a question I want you to resolve; what reasonable objection can you make to Sir George Mordaunt? I think him very agreeable, for I have been often in his company, and is a man of an unexceptionable character; with him you would have title, fortune and equipage; which constitutes the happiness of most people of rank; with an addition that does not always attend the rest; a pleasing sensible companion, which with my Julia, would be the first consideration.

I long for an account of your visit to Bell-
view

view. You regret Lord Seymour's absence; take care Julia; but I forgot I cautioned you before; so will say no more now on that subject. You must my dear girl return my best thanks to Lady Seymour for her partiality in my favour, and I shall begin to flatter myself that my mother will not refuse her Ladyship.

How delightfully do you pass your time! how much more rationally; than to dedicate one's mornings to making a set of unmeaning visits; where (if you are admitted) the conversation generally turns upon such subjects, as will neither improve, nor entertain the mind: my senses at times are quite overpowered with the volubility of some of our modern fine ladies; on topics which tho' discussed every day, still afford ample field for their loquacity. Now dont imagine that I fancy myself a bit wiser than my companions for not having taste nor judgment; (for I insist it requires both) to talk upon nothing. Were I to make laws for the female part of the creation; morning visits should be exploded from my code, as being a public nuisance; for surely no woman but could employ her time to more advantage to herself, and to her family; let her rank be ever so exalted. My paper reminds me it is time to stop the torrent of my pen, and have only
room

SEYMOUR CASTLE. 61.

room to say, that I suppose Lord Henry is to
play Lovewell to your Fanny, and to sub-
scribe myself

Ever yours,

CECILIA WALDERGRAVE.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

LORD HENRY SEYMOUR *to* Sir CHARLES

WILMOT.

Seymour-Castle.

HEAVENS! Wilmot, what a task have you assigned me? I will however in compliance with your request, strive to attempt a description of this charming girl, tho I know it is impossible to give you a just idea of her perfections. Miss St. Leger is about nineteen mild as the opening morn, like that suffused with blushes, her complexion the finest I ever beheld, her eyes dark and piercing; and what is uncommon with dark eyes, her hair of which she has a profusion, is a beautiful auburn; her form is strikingly captivating, tall,
elegant

elegant and genteel, every look is accompanied with a something, which tho' it awes, invites. Possessed of every excellence, she is not conscious of any, which in my opinion heightens them all, for affectation in women and effeminacy in men are alike detestable; a female mind to my way of thinking, cannot have too much delicacy, provided it does not degenerate into the former. The lovely Julia has a sweet femininity in her manner, which makes her irresistible, her address is graceful, her look animated and expressive; she is modest and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the subject on which she gives it.

The greatest characteristic of Miss St. Leger is taste, but when she says most on a subject she still shews she has more to say, and by this unwillingness to triumph, she persuades the more; with the most refined sentiments, she possesses the softest sensibility, it lives, and speaks in every feature of her lovely face, and the soft language of her soul;

“ Flow from her never silent eye.”

I have seen many elegant women, but she is elegance personified *ipsa forma*; her mind as perfect as her body, her understanding good and highly improved. She has read
the

the best Authors in English, French and Italian. Plays on the Harpsichord with a most masterly hand, and sings divinely, tho' a native modesty prevents her from often exhibiting those talents in company; there is with all this an innocence in her manner totally void of simplicity; which, whatever definition the linguist may put on it, to me implies ignorance.

Now Charles, you must allow, I should be more or less than man to withstand such united charms of mind and person. I shall however be very cautious in my behaviour, not to give her the least hint of my attachment, whilst there lies a doubt of my meeting a reciprocal return; tho I fear I shall not escape the penetrating eye of Emily, who is ever on the watch to amuse herself at my expence. Julia has requested me to improve her in her Italian, tho' she reads and speaks it perfectly, you may suppose I have accepted the office of preceptor with pleasure; it will give me many opportunities of making myself agreeable, by accidental attentions? Emily has also commenced my pupil, at which I do not rejoice, as she will be one of the party; in short, we read, we sing, we dance and play, and gaily pass our time away. My uneasiness on Sir George Mordaunt's account increases, as he is so very particular to Miss St.

St. Leger, as leaves no doubt of his intentions; I cannot say I am much alarmed by her behaviour to him, for when he is here, she engages me in such a manner as renders it impossible for me to leave her, were I so inclined; but pleasing as it is to me to be distinguished by her, I know her motive is to avoid Mordaunt; so you see I have not much reason to flatter myself from the preference she gives me. I wish he would declare himself in form, as I hope she will reject him, and tho' I am almost convinced of that; I shall feel the torments of the damned till it is over.

I am sorry for poor Ponsonby; but what could he expect when he married a woman without character or principle, but that she would act as she did, for with such a woman he could not have the smallest prospect of permanent felicity, and for whose faulty conduct you stigmatize the whole sex; and entertain doubts of your ever marrying. Believe me I have not one, take my word Wilmot, there's not a fellow in England, has a more susceptible heart, tho' you have hitherto escaped; but be assured when you are caught, your attachment will be lasting. It ceases to be a wonder that the conjugal claim galls so many who wear it; when one observes, interest or persuasion so often influences,

ences, a contract which choice only should bind.

I agree with you about our modern Patriots, some few excepted. I have had a letter from my father to inform me he had the offer of a place for me, and to know my opinion: in my answer to his grace, I have declined accepting it, as I would not wish to hold an employment, that would oblige me in some cases to act contrary to my judgment.

Believe me Charles, I would not sacrifice my inward peace, for the first seat on the Treasury bench. You do right in not contradicting Lord Morpeth, for I am sure he speaks as he thinks, and it would be happy for the Nation if there was a greater number determined to do their duty. I shall now bid adieu to Politicks, as it is a subject I am not fond off.

We just have had an invitation from Sir George Mordaunt for monday next; I shall not go, therefore have sent my apology; tho' the lovely Julia begged I would make one of the party, and declared they would not be happy without me; answer for yourself my sweet friend replied Emily, for I shall be perfectly

fectly so, whether he goes or stays; Julia cast down her eyes, and attempted to answer whilst the rose and lilly chased each other on her lovely cheek, like the varying tints of the dawn; I did not imagine any thing could be more interesting than her sprightly glance, did I not see her down cast eyes. She recovered from the confusion Emily had thrown her in and with an inimitable grace, said she confessed she was very sorry I would not go, do my Lord, let me intreat you will put off your engagement if you can, Oh! Wilmot had you seen her at that moment, you would be astonished at my resolution. I took her hand and pressed it to my lips, my dear Miss St. Leger, it is not in my power, my friends expect me on particular business. She looked disappointed at my refusal, and I found myself unhappy at not complying with her request. I was determined not to let Mordaunt have it to say I was always watching her; for I am certain he suspects my passion for her, and I thought it would be more advisable to let her go to Bellview without me; as perhaps I would not be able to see his assiduities with temper, as she is the Goddess the entertainment is prepared for; I should be only a spectator, which would be insupportable.

But

But to return to our conversation, upon my word cried Emily, there is great compliments passing between you two; I see how it is.

“ Ah! what avails it to be young and fair.”

“ To move with negligence, to dress with care.”

nothing at all, poor Sir George; upon my honour I have a mind to open his eyes; what is that all you are talking of? says the blushing Julia, I really do not understand you Emily, no matter, replied the giddy girl and down she sat to the Harpsichord, and began to play, “ What is life without passion, Sweet passion of Love” how do you like the words my Lord, turning to me with an arch look, in which there was a great deal of meaning; on my soul the little gipsy has found me out: company coming in, prevented my answering her.

I set out for Abbeville the feat of Mr. Stewart, on Saturday, and shall not return until wednesday. I have wrote a packet to you instead of a letter, and am now summoned to attend the ladies in the music parlour. I wish Charles you were of the party, if that ever happens, you must not raise an eye to my beloved; for if you did, I should
not

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not answer for the consequence, however,
as we are still friends, I may subscribe myself

Your's sincerely,

HENRY SEYMOUR.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

SIR CHARLES WILMOT to LORD HENRY

SEYMOUR.

London.

“ With them I’ll toy, I’ll kiss and play,
“ But hang me if I marry.”

CATCH me at that, and I’ll give your Lordship leave to laugh at me ; but tell me my sage sagacious friend, upon what circumstance have you formed your suspicions that I would be so easily caught ; is it because the little deity found you a willing victim ; and did not let him spend his arrows in vain : but your Lordship should consider you have stumbled on a divinity ; for such she must be, if she is half as perfect as your description makes her. You must excuse me if I am rather credulous, as they say love is blind ; therefore
your

your Lordship is excusable if you have exaggerated the charms of your Goddess.

So now the burthen of your song is, "We all to conquering beauty bow." I'll sigh and flatter with the tenderest swain of you all, but go no further. I'll make them conducive to my pleasure, but will take care they shall not prove a torment to me for life: at present I am one of your sister's humble attendants, and you must allow that is a post of danger, as Lady Selina Seymour is the most beautiful girl that graces the circle. She receives my assiduities with pleasure, as I am her dear brother's friend, her Grace too honours me with smiles of approbation; yet I must confess I feel no manner of uneasiness when I hear talk of a marriage between her, and the Earl of Somerset, and never fail to resign my place at her elbow when his Lordship is of the party; you must forgive me, and pity my stupidity: You are an extraordinary lover Seymour; to give your rival such an opportunity with your mistress, in my opinion you must have very little love, or a great deal of vanity; else you give yourself cause for uneasiness as she must be piqued at your refusal to go; when she made it a request, and may give Sir George encouragement to be even with you, if she is a girl of spirit she will, and I would commend her for it.

You

You wish me to be of your party, but prohibit me from admiring Miss St. Leger, but you do not consider as long as your Lordship is silent, I would be at liberty to push my fortune with the lovely Julia, if it was no more than to quicken your advances, and I think that would be an act of friendship. On my soul were I in your place, I would know her mind before the end of the week: believe me your fair pupil will not consider herself obliged to you, for your taciturnity. would you have her declare her prepossession in your Lordship's favour? I cannot divine, what you can mean by your silence; take my advice and be happy, you have time enough to be wise.

I think you did perfectly right in not accepting a place, that might be attended with some trouble; as it would certainly keep you in town from your present more agreeable employment of attending your mistress. Your brother is at Paris, flirting at a great rate with a Miss Waldergrave, whose sister is the reigning Belle here. I have never seen her, tho' I have been often in the same place of entertainment; the crowds or want of curiosity has prevented me from being able to say with precision, whether she deserves what the town says of her, and I never take their opinion to be decisive, but she is *tout*
nouveau,

nouveau, this being the first season of her exhibiting in public, and a girl then in my opinion, is generally a compound of affectation, and boarding school airs: her little head filled with love, and sentiments imbibed from the productions of a Circulating Library, and dying to be the herpine of a trip to Gretna-Green.

This is a Miscellaneous epistle you'll say, but your Lordship I flatter myself, will excuse the rattling nonsense of your sincere friend,

CHARLES WILMOT.

LETTER XVI.

Miss St. LEGER to Miss CECILIA WALDER-

GRAVE.

Seymour-castle.

WELL my Cecilia, I have dismissed Lord Seymour from the office of preceptor, and whatever advantage I might derive from his instructions I forego: I will not screen myself behind Tasso, nor give Lord Henry opportunities of declaring a passion, I'm certain he never felt. But I forgot, it is not of his, but the weak heart of your Julia, you are afraid, I certainly have a perfect esteem

esteem for his Lordship; but indeed Cecilia, I am innocent of the charge of loving, and to convince you of my sincerity, he is now on a visit to a Mr. Steward, who has three daughters; one a compleat beauty, and I feel not the least uneasiness; however I must confess to my sage mistress, I was a little piqued at his refusing to go to Sir George Mordaunt's, as I made it a request of him to make one of the party. You see by that I am quite indifferent to him, or else he would not deny me, as no lover would let the woman he loved, make a visit to his professed rival, and not wish to be a witness to her behaviour; but in friendship I flatter myself, I am next his heart.

Now my dear Cecilia, I hope I have settled your mind with regard to your friend; let me congratulate you on your escape from Lord Dartford, escape I must call it, for if Mrs. Waldergrave had it in her power, I am afraid my sweet friend would not meet the indulgence she deserves, I think where a person's happiness, here and hereafter, in a great measure depends, one should be allowed a negative. I would have parents advise, but not force their children's inclination, and I would have children follow their advice, if not repugnant to their way of thinking, as we may be assured their knowledge of the world

makes them more competent judges of what should constitute their children's happiness, but too often they let their judgment be misled, and sacrifice them as victims at the altar of interest without ever considering, there is any other requisite necessary to ensure their future peace.

Now for news, the Marquis of Guildford, Lord Seymour's brother is at Paris, and a constant attendant on your sister Harriot; he is the reverse of his brother : by all accounts he is wild and dissipated, and is now in disgrace with the Duke his father, for seducing the daughter of one of his tenants, who waited on Lady Selina Seymour; are you acquainted with her Ladyship? Lord Henry idolizes her, so does Lady Seymour. The other day Lady Seymour was saying something very affectionate to me, when Lord Seymour came into the room, after some conversation in the same strain, she took our hands, joined them, and prayed Heaven to bless us. Now says this angelic woman if my Selina was here, I would have all my soul holds dear under this roof; Lord Seymour kissed the hand she had given him with rapture, as for me I was ready to sink with confusion; when Lady Hardgrove was announced, and put an end to a scene that if

continued

continued for any time longer, I do not know how it would have ended.

I retired to my room and after I had considered what had passed, I could not help laughing at the distress her Ladyship's blessing had occasioned me the whole day after; I could perceive Lord Henry eye me with particular attention, to see I suppose was I inclined to laugh at his amiable aunt: but the Hardgrove's being there prevented our having any particular chat. I lay my life he tells Emily of it; who will not spare your friend. Last night after supper, Sir George was asked for a Lady, he gave Miss Cecilia Waldergrave. I coloured with pleasure at hearing the well known name, but lest Sir George should impute it to a wrong cause; I informed him how much I was interested in every thing that concerned you; he said he did not know a more beautiful or accomplished fair one. Lady Seymour joined in praising you, and the rest of the night you furnished conversation for the company.

You desire a description of Bellview, what a task have you assigned me? and what I feel myself unequal to, for it would require the pen of a more descriptive writer, to delineate the beauties of that charming place; but at your request, I shall make a faint at-

tempt, as I am sure your criticism will be favourable.

The house is built on the summit of an hill which for the space of fourteen miles, commands the most delightful country you ever beheld. The immense plain is partitioned into corn fields, and meadows, a rivulet runs meandering through these grounds, which are sheltered on one side with hills, whose various shades of green, and trees romantically disposed of, makes the prospect enchantingly picturesque, on the other you have a distant view of the sea. When you come to the house, a vestibule leads to the hall, which is magnificent; it occupies two stories in height, and is lighted by windows from the upper.

The grand stair case is highly embellished with some of the finest pieces of Varrio; in the saloon, which is almost past description beautiful, are stories elegantly painted, taken from Virgil and Ovid; the wall of it, and of the drawing-room, are of a rich rose colour, the cornice highly ornamented with festoons of flowers, which are so amazingly well relieved, that you would fancy them the produce of nature, and not the work of art; at the four corners of each room are palm trees modelled in stucco; painted and varnished with various tints of green, which spread and support.

support the dome ; represented as formed of reeds bound together with ribbands, the cove is supposed to be perforated, and a brilliant sunny sky appears, which has a fine effect. The rest of the apartments are equally superb, and furnished with surprising taste. Sir George has employed the best Artists and spared no expence ; from the house we went through a close covered walk, impervious to the scorching rays of the sun, this brought us to a grove, where the company were assembled ; here was placed a Semi octagon seat, when we had taken our places, refreshments of wine, fruits and sweetmeats, were handed about by a parcel of pretty boys, habited like cupids ; upon my word you would have imagined you had got into fairy land : one of the boys, had a heart transfix'd by a dart, he advanced towards the circle, and sung those lines out of *Love in a Village*.

- “ In vain I ev’ry art essay,
- “ To pluck the envenom’d shaft away ;
- “ That rankles in my heart ;
- “ Deep in the centre fix’d and bound,
- “ My efforts, but enlarge the wound,
- “ And fiercer makes the smart.

The song was received with great applause: he then advanced towards me, and begged I would take charge of the poor bleeding heart:

no child, replied I, the care of my own is as much as I can attend to. Oh! as for that says the urchin, I fear it is impenetrable, for it has blunted all the arrows in my quiver, but this one: which shall be at your service if I can catch you napping; however if you'll not accept of the heart, perhaps you will of this nosegay, presenting me with a most beautiful bouquet. He then bowed to the company and retired. You may be sure this interlude afforded great amusement, altho' I suffered a good deal, but Sir George behaved with the greatest propriety, and the lad addressing me, appeared quite a thing of chance.

You are surprised no doubt at not hearing all this time of Emily, who to my astonishment was silent, unless she answered yes, or no; at last she cried out to Sir George, good Mr. Merlin release my tongue, for I am absolutely enchanted! we all laughed at this folly of hers. She then took me under the arm, and the whole company separated, and in parties walked about the improvements (which are superior to any thing of the kind I have seen) till we were summoned to dinner. The day passed most agreeably, and concluded with a ball and supper. We broke up about four o'clock, and set out immediately for the castle.

In

SEYMOUR CASTLE. 81

In my life I never saw a more beautiful morning, and tho' we were greatly fatigued, we enjoyed the prospect of the rising sun with rapture. The amiable Lady Seymour appeared delighted with the pleasure we had received, as for Emily she was in a state of insanity. I believe by this, Cecilia, you are heartily tired, tho' I fancy if you were of our party you would have been as well pleased as

Your

JULIA St. LEGER.

LETTER XVI.

From the SAME to the SAME.

Seymour Castle.

I Dispatch this without waiting for your answer to my last, as I wish to acquaint you that Sir George has proposed in form, to Lady Seymour for her approbation to pay his addresses to your friend. Lady Seymour told him I was my own mistress, but as my guardian, she would not withhold her consent, if he was agreeable to me. So now Sir George has begun the siege in form. When I asked Lady Seymour's advice, she desired me to consult my own heart, and that my dear child will direct you. Your happiness would be my first consideration. I had formed wish-

es

es said she with a sigh, but I am accustomed to disappointments. Here she stopped, and I had not resolution to ask her to explain what appeared a mystery to me. If George is very importunate, tho' I have requested him to give up the idea, that I should ever alter my resolution, which I told him, at our first interview, was fixed to remain as I am at present, for I had not the least inclination to change my state; he says whilst I remain single, or till I own a prepossession, he must trouble me with his assiduities. What vanity those men have, or else they would not leave themselves liable to a second refusal!

Lord Seymour is returned after an absence of eight days which has passed rather heavily, for he is the main spring of our amusements; tho' the amiable Lady Seymour promotes every diversion. Some people says she to Lady Hardgrove, (who was with her the other day when she was giving directions for a ball) will accuse me of levity, and I make no doubt imagine my heart enjoys dissipation; in some measure they are not mistaken, for what gives pleasure to my friends, imparts the same sensations to me. My Julia's disposition I have attended. ~~is too tender for her peace~~ ~~the woes of others~~ when known ~~her~~, immediately become her own; such a ~~res~~ frequent

relaxation. She is far too serious for her time of life. Oh! Cecilia, you must imagine what I thought, for words are too poor to convey my feelings. I pressed her hand to my lips, but was too much affected to speak; You my sweet friend must think how happy I am with such an amiable protectress; it would be ungrateful in the highest degree, if I formed a wish to leave her; to encounter the perils of matrimony, where there are ten blanks to one prize.

Lord Seymour has taken no notice of Sir George's proposal, and behaves rather distant since his return from Abbeville. Perhaps he is offended at my not attending his Lectures with Emily, perhaps; but no matter, you approve my conduct, and I am satisfied. We expect the Newbourg family in a few days. Lady Caroline is still talked off for Lord Seymour, do you know her Ladyship? is she handsome; indeed Cecilia, she must be very perfect if she deserves him. I wish they were not to come here; or that their visit was over. I am not fond of strangers, the society of my friends I love; for I was not born to enjoy life in a crowd, it has no charms for me.

Our play is over, Mr. Singleton who was to have performed the part of Lord Ogilby, was obliged to go to London on particular business

business. Emily is not pleased at my rejecting Sir George ; she would have me accept him, was it only to be mistress of Bellview : besides Julia, you would be then Queen of Diamonds, as you are now queen of hearts ; for you must know the family jewels are considerable.

Adieu, I am called to tea, and afterwards shall be obliged to dedicate the remainder of the evening to cards ; as we have a party that exists but at the Quadrille table. I shall be intolerably stupid, as I am devoured with lowness of spirits. Let me hear from you soon, tho' I am afraid you will not approve of my determination with regard to Sir George.

I give you leave to scold, but continue to love

Your,

JULIA ST. LEGER.

LET.

LETTER VII.

Miss CECILIA WALDERGRAVE to Miss St

LEGER.

Grosvenor-square.

YOUR letter my Julia, like the hand of magic, at once conveyed me to the festive scenes of Bellview; I am enchanted with your description of it, and followed you with rapture through all the meandrings of that charming place, and happy that you were pleased with the behaviour of the agreeable owner; but on the contrary, sorry you were so dissatisfied at Lord Seymours not being of the party; I would have been better pleased had you been as indifferent as Miss Sydney.

You

You tell me of the intended visit of the Newbourg family, and of the match between Lord Seymour and Lady Caroline. Why Julia, are you displeased at their visit : she is a most accomplished girl, only has a little too much affectation, but not sufficient to render her disagreeable. I got through your first letter in a hurry, impelled by an eager curiosity to see what occasioned you to write a second, before you had got an answer to the first ; but judge my disappointment when I found it was to let me know you had rejected Sir George Mordaunt ; what sufficient reason my dear girl can you give, his character is unexceptionable ; if you lose Lady Seymour, you have no tender brother, no relation to screen you from the censure of the world, to which you will in some measure become accountable for your conduct ; which tho' I am sure will not deserve reproach, may not escape censure. Envy loves a high, and lofty mark, and wounds the deepest where the object's greatest :

Superior charms, superior sorrows know,
And to excel, is but the way to woe.

indeed my Julia it is a truth ; a single girl let her fortune be what it may, if she is as amiable as my sweet friend ; will always be
a sub-

a subject for tea-table scandal, followed by the men, and envy'd by the women, is delightful; whilst we have a protector, or a proper sanction we do not mind the tabby's who have ever declared war with beauty and merit, and you my gentle friend are not formed to bear the malevolence of such pests to society: therefore my dear girl, I think you should look forward.

I am sorry Lady Seymour did not make you acquainted with her wishes, but her ladyship deals in enigma's. why did you not ask her to solve it? sure you were resolved to mistake my meaning, I did not desire you to withdraw from Lord Henry's instructions, I think it must have a fickle appearance, for all your demureness, you have the making of a very great coquet in your composition. A propos, I had heard of Harriot's flirtation with Lord Guildford, I do not know what my mother thinks of it, but she has renewed her leave of absence, perhaps she would be glad to see her daughter Dutchess of Leicester. I am not acquainted with Lady Selina Seymour, but I have seen her often, she is most exceedingly handsome, very like your Henry I hear; does that please you, you know I may venture to call him your Henry, as you have acknowledged your Platonick passion. I imagine if you had never seen Lord
Seymour

Seymour; you would not have objected to Sir George, forgive me Julia, I can't help making observations, and when I have made them, I always construe them the most natural way. You will ask me why I have translated your behaviour in such a false manner, I tell you child it is true, and will give you reasons for it. When two amiable people of different sexes, live under the same roof, they in general do every thing to render themselves agreeable to each other, and particularly where there's an acknowledged partiality and tender friendship; we may suppose that love is not far off. You say in friendship he stands next your heart, and the rest, Julia, follows of course; you see I am clever in clearing up a doubtful point, and I hope you are convinced by what I have said.

I am to spend next week at Windsor, with Lady Wilton, your friends sister is to be of the party; you have sagacity enough to know who I mean. I intend introducing you to the acquaintance of Lady Selina Seymour. I dare answer her Ladyship will pay me her best thanks, tho' I presume you can hardly be a stranger to her, as I suppose the brother and sister correspond.

Lord Melvin is my attendant spirit at present, and is a very pleasing good humoured familiar. My mother is in charming temper so there is nothing wanting to my present happiness

pinefs but to call my friend Lady Mordaunt or Lady fill up the blank, as it is most pleasing to you. I am most exceedingly sleepy, as I did not get to bed until five this morning. I can hardly keep my mouth shut, I yawn so intolerably, and Morpheus lays his leaden rod on my eyes; so will honour my pillow with my stupidity.—*Bon soir* my Julia, pleasing dreams, and sound repose to you and Your

CECILIA WALDERGRAVE.

L.E.T.

LETTER XVIII.

Miss St. LEGER to Miss CECILIA WALDER-

GRAVE.

Seymour-Castle.

HOW can I find language to convey my thanks to my dear Cecilia, for her attention and sisterly advice to her Julia, would to God I could follow it, but my wayward heart recoils at the idea of marriage with Sir George Mordaunt; for I ever was of opinion, where an union of souls is wanting, nothing but discord must ensue. To titles or riches my friend, I can never sacrifice my inclinations, as I imagine I could enjoy happiness without

a coag

a coach and six; but you will tell me imagination is a cheat, which heightens all pleasure beyond a possibility of being realized, and points out woes in too gloomy a shade. Ah! my Cecilia, no happiness can be where the heart is not engaged; whenever I give my hand, I must feel the most undivided affection, the most tender preference for him with whom I unite my destiny: if ever I should marry I shall look for love, Peace, and competence, nor bestow a wish, nor breath a sigh for grandeur, which too often is attended with discontent and satiety.

From my earliest days, I found myself unambitious, and contented with the enjoyments of a sequestered life; by the generality of the world, it may be termed a weakness, rather than a virtue, my being satisfied with my present situation.

You will say I am romantic; in that I am if you call my desire for happiness by such an appellation, and I am convinced with Sir George Mordaunt, I could not be happy, if I had never seen Lord Henry Seymour, for indeed Cecilia, you wrong me when you suppose that a partiality for him, influences me to reject Sir George, but I shall quit this subject, as I am tired of making myself the constant theme of my Letters, beside I hope to introduce

introduce to your acquaintance an amiable unfortunate.

Yesterday when Lady Seymour and I were taking an airing, the coachman told us if we gave him leave, he would bring us home by a more agreeable road, than we were accustomed to come; we assented and were repaid by an enchanting prospect for the remainder of the way. Whilst we were admiring the beauties of nature, blended with those of art; we received a severe shock, occasioned by the back wheel of the carriage coming off, and the spring breaking; we however got out without receiving any hurt and soon recovered from the fright we had been thrown into, but could not proceed; as the walk was too great for Lady Seymour to undertake. We looked to see if there was any house or cottage we could shelter in; till a carriage could come from the castle.

We perceived a neat small house at a little distance, so covered with woodbine and jessamine, as almost entirely hid it from the eyes of the impertinent traveller: just as Lady Seymour was sending to request shelter, we saw a venerable old man coming out of the gate, his head silvered with at least seventy years, but his cheek were like the full blown rose: he made towards us, and after lamenting our misfortune, delivered
his

his mistress's compliments, and intreated we would make use of her cottage till our carriage could be repaired. We immediately accepted the invitation.

As we went towards the house, we had to pass through a small flower garden, which for beauty and taste, exceeded any thing of the kind I ever saw. The old man announced Lady Seymour at the parlour door, who had informed him, who she was. I had figured to myself a matronly gentlewoman; who tired of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, had retired from noise and folly, to pass the remainder of her days in retirement; but my Cecilia, guess my astonishment when on entering the room, we were received by one of the most elegant women my eyes ever beheld, and a beautiful girl of about fifteen; when the usual compliments passed, and we were seated, our old man returned with cake and wine. The lady of the mansion pressed us to take some refreshment, as we must be fatigued by the heat of the sun. Whilst she and Lady Seymour were talking of the accident; I had time to examine the mistress and the furniture, so take the following description.

The lady is I suppose about thirty, tho' she appears a great deal younger, but I imagine

gine she must be that, as the girl is hers, her stature rises above the middle size, her person is most elegantly formed, her hair fair but not flaxen, in my life I never saw any thing so white as her neck; but languour dwells in her lovely eye, and paleness on her cheek, there's a melancholy diffused over her whole person; that makes her the most interesting figure I ever beheld. In the parlour there was a harpsichord, musick by the best masters, a parcel of books in French and Italian, and some of the Latin Poets, at them I was a good deal surpris'd; in one corner stood a pair of globes, in another implements for painting, in the fourth a tambour frame. I suppose the lady took notice that I was viewing the concerns; for she said you seem surpris'd, ladies, to find in this hovel, the implements of inquiry but it is not to make a parade of learning I have them for you are the first visiters, I have had since I came here, which is now near two years; my employment chiefly consists in giving my Olivia all the instructions in my power for for her future conduct in life.

I have

I have long wished for an opportunity to make a request to Lady Seymour, but never should have been able to accomplish it, if it had not been for the accident that happened to day; as I was resolved on not making any acquaintance in the neighbourhood. Lady Seymour told her, she only intreated her to let her know how she could be serviceable to her, and she should see by her readiness to comply with her wishes, that she would consider herself the obliged person. The lady bowed and returned her acknowledgments in the most pleasing manner, and told Lady Seymour it was for her Olivia she presumed to ask a favour of her ladyship. She says she, at a time of life, that company is absolutely necessary for a young girl, lest she forms romantick ideas, or else become stupid from the want of exercising those talents given her by nature; with you ladies, she would meet instruction, without the least fear of her morals being corrupted, but before, madam, I take the liberty to let her profit by your indulgence, it is proper you should know who you countenance; tho' the recital of my past life will give me pain, it is necessary, for to clear a character which appears suspicious.

Lady

Lady Seymour insisted she should not attempt to relate any thing that would occasion her the least distress; adding it was unnecessary to clear a character that was not impeached by her, even in idea; my curiosity extends no farther than your name. Ah! madam how goodness may be imposed upon, replied she, but as for my poor Olivia, she is innocent, suspicion has not glanced on my child: here the tears poured down her cheeks and sighs seemed ready to rend her bosom. Her accents and manner more than her words went to the heart, and I was obliged to go towards the harpsichord to prevent her seeing me so affected. Olivia, said the fair mourner, play your last lesson, she has taste, says she, turning to us, but she wants judgment, the poor girl trembling sat down, and played an ode to Peace: she sings and plays with taste, but as her mother remarks, wants judgment. Just as she had done playing, the servant informed us, the coach was come; well ladies, says she, I flatter myself it will not be long before I have the pleasure of seeing you again, and the unfortunate, but not guilty Olivia Lenox, will taste of happiness to which her heart has long been a stranger.

VOL. I.

F

I will

Lady

I will by that time compose myself to make a recital of my misfortunes, there is no fear of hurting the wound, Alas, it has never been healed. I hurried out of the room, it was too much to be borne, and as I was going through the garden, met Lord Seymour, who was alarmed at hearing of the accident, and came to assure himself we had escaped unhurt.

I expressed my surprise at his Lordship's coming, as he might have been convinced by the servants' composure his aunt was perfectly safe. Ah Julia, replied he, taking my hand, was there no one else of the party to occasion my uneasiness: do you imagine that my apprehensions for my friend were inferior to what I felt for my aunt. Unkind Julia, you judge of me by yourself; you would feel no concern if my life was in danger. He appeared greatly agitated, and seemed offended. My spirits were so discomposed by poor Mrs. Lenox, that the tears stood in my eyes, which now overflowed at his dropping my hand in a kind of resentment; he again caught my hand, and pressing it to his lips, Gracious God! my dearest Julia, exclaimed he, what ails you, what can occasion those tears? Before

fore I had time to answer, (and indeed I did not well know how to account for my folly) Lady Seymour came up to us, quite astonished at seeing Lord Seymour, what in the name of wonder, Henry, says she, could bring you here. The carriage that will take you from hence, and my fear for your ladyship. Pray my Lord, replied she smiling, what has Julia done, that she is not included in the compliment, I am afraid Henry, you are acting a double part, and let me tell your Lordship hypocrisy does not become you.

This past in our way to the coach, for Mrs. Lenox had retired, when she saw his Lordship. The conversation on our way home turned on our adventure: for my part I was rather silent, so was Lord Seymour; I am sure he thinks me very silly.

I shall long to hear Mrs. Lenox's story; sure it must be something very extraordinary that could banish such a woman to solitude, who would be an ornament to society; in my next I hope I shall have it in my power to send you her history. Emily is dying to see her, and her fair daughter, but Lady Seymour will not let her intrude on the amiable recluse, without her permission. Adieu, my

much loved friend, may you be as happy
the ensuing week, and all your life as you
deserve, is the sincere wish of your,

JULIA St. LEGER.

LET.

LETTER XIX.

From the SAME to the SAME.

YOU are impatient, my dear Cecilia, for the History of Mrs. Lenox; my inclination was very strong to hear it, and to have the lovely Olivia at the castle, before the Newbourg family arrived, as I was apprehensive such a crowd as we shall have, would be distressing to a timid girl, on her first introduction into the world; for she is intirely ignorant of it, but what she has learned from books. I hinted my thoughts to Lady Sey-

mour, who directly acquiesced, thanked me for my consideration, and fixed the next day for our visit.

We were received by Mrs. Lennox with pleasure, and the fair Olivia blushed with joy, as she looked on us as the key that was to unlock her cage, and give her liberty, for tho' she had her palpitations, I dare say she was longing for the hour that was to bring her to the castle.

When we were seated, Mrs. Lennox addressed herself to Lady Seymour, and said she was at a loss how to apologize to her Ladyship for taking up her attention with the sorrows of a stranger, but said she, your ear is always open to the tale of distress, or I should not attempt to trouble you with a detail of my misfortunes.

I am, continued she, the daughter of a respectable clergyman, who possessed a small patrimony of four hundred pounds a year, and a good benefice; he married an amiable woman, with whom he got a large fortune; thus surrounded with peace and affluence, I came into the world as a farther cement to their happiness; I was their only child, the fondness they lavished on me, I strove to repay with every attention in my power. When I had gained my thirteenth year, a particular friend

friend of my father's made a request he would take the care of his only son, as he was obliged to go to France on business of the utmost importance, and did not chuse to put his son to a publick school, as he was now sixteen. My father took the charge, never was there any thing more amiable than his pupil, he strove by his attentions to my parents to gain their affections, who in a short time made hardly any difference between Edmund and me; thus did our days pass on in the sunshine of innocence.

When he entered the college, his vacations were spent with us, for he seemed but to live in our society; all this time he treated me as a sister he loved, and I was not backward in returning his affection. The only fault I could ever discover in his disposition, was a tincture of jealousy, which his other good qualities rendered scarcely discernible. Ah! how blissful then were all our scenes, how free from inquietude; the time was drawing near for his quitting Oxford, when my father received a letter from old Mr. Lennox, thanking him for the great care he had taken of his son, and requesting him to prepare Edmund to meet him the next month at Paris. I was of a romantick cast; my spirits timid and tender, and had imbibed a great deal of

sensibility [from my choice of reading; but I was not sensible how far it had led me, till the letter from his father awakened us from our pleasing dreams; on the receipt of it, Edmund was ready to sink, he looked confused and embarrassed. When my father went to his closet, Edmund came up to me, who was bathed in tears, Olivia says he, with great trepidation, I would be glad to speak to you in the garden, early in the morning; the request was unnecessary, as I always arose before the family, and walked till breakfast.

I never passed so uneasy a night, tho' I had no reason as I thought for doing so, it appeared the longest I had ever known, I arose with the sun; but I found Edmund before me in the summer house, it would be needless to repeat our conversation, suffice to tell you; we had found out a secret by this unfortunate summons, that we were all the world to each other; condemn me not ladies I could not conceal how very dear he was to me. After breakfast, Edmund took an opportunity of declaring himself to my father, and ingenuously acquainted him, he had revealed to me the situation of his heart, and flattered himself if he gained his father's consent, that he would not make any opposition;
my

my father told him he was very sorry we had acted so imprudently, and requested he would make all the haste he could to obey his father, adding you are both too young to think of matrimony, but at the same time told him if he obtained Mr. Lenox's consent, he would not withhold his.

Every thing was got ready for his departure ; when the agitation and distraction of his mind, lest he should not obtain his father's consent, brought on a fever, which terminated in the small pox. What I suffered words are too weak to express ; in short he recovered, but not before he had extorted a solemn promise from me, that I would consent to a private marriage, when he grew well, he urged me to fulfil it. I said all I could to dissuade him from it, but in vain ; he swore he would not go, if I did not assent to what he proposed, at last he prevailed, and we were married by a friend of his, that came from Oxford, and then was determined to go to his father, who he was certain would approve our union, if not, endeavour to persuade him to it, and also to break the affair to my parents, and intreat their forgiveness, for the step we had taken without having their approbation.

My father was enraged, upbraided Edmund with ingratitude, and me with disobedience. My mother pitied, and at last reconciled him to us; it was now my sufferings commenced, the day arrived that was to part me from my Edmund. Ah! what are the terrors of death, if they exceed what I then felt; it is impossible death can ever give greater pains, "for if it be the pangs, the throes, the agonizing struggle, when soul and body part, sure I have felt it, and there's no more to fear." I thought my heart would break, when my eyes took their last look; suffused with tears I could scarce behold him. Sure our distress was portentous of our misfortune. My father tore my Edmund from me, and never left him till the vessel was under sail, lest he should return, as it was with difficulty he was prevailed on to go on board. Oh! madam, from this fatal separation, I date all my length of woes, the painful recollection of all that followed is too powerful for me.

She was obliged to call for a glass of water, indeed Cecilia, it was a melancholy scene. Olivia threw her arms about her mother's neck, and sobbed as if her heart would break. Poor Mrs. Lenox was the first that recovered, after apologizing for distressing us, she proceeded

ceeded; every post brought me letters from my Edmund, inclosed to a Mr. Danvers, a young gentleman who was his most intimate friend, every account was flattering to our wishes, till old Mr. Lenox proposed a match to his son, a Daughter of Count de Merville, poor Edmund was thunderstruck, and made all the objections in his power, but it was of no avail, he then told him of his attachment to me; this made his father outrageous, he abused my father, said he had drawn him into admire his daughter, but that we should not benefit by it; for if his son persisted, he would send for a Notary, and disinherit him, and let him live on his father-in-law's charity. He at length pacified the old gentleman, by making a promise not to visit England without his approbation, if he would not urge him to marry, till time had weakened his love for me. It was now my Olivia was born, this opened a new scene to me; my child engrossed all my time, but what I spent in writing to her father, whose letters carried the strongest marks of impatience at our long separation.

Mr. Danvers was perpetually at our house; it was not agreeable to me, his spending so much of his time with us; but as he was my Edmund's friend, I did not know how to decline

cline receiving his visits. One day as I was sitting in the parlour playing with my child ; Mr. Danvers brought me letters, acquainting me with the death of old Mr. Lenox, and that my husband would be with me almost as soon as the account. You may judge Ladies what I felt, joy mantled in my eye, and expectation coloured on my cheek, but this heart-felt delight was to make my wretchedness the greater.

In a few days after Mr. Danvers came in the evening, dressed in a white suit of cloaths: the alteration was so great, I hardly knew him at his first coming into the room, for he always wore black, as he was a counsellor ; after tea he asked me to take a walk, as he had something to say to me, which he did not chuse to speak before strangers, for we unfortunately had company. I consented, but judge my surprise and indignation, when this pretended friend made a declaration of Love. I answered him calm, but with all the dignity of offended virtue ; he acknowledged his fault, and requested I would not inform Mr. Lenox, what the violence of his passion had made him guilty of. I promised I would not acquaint my husband of his breach of friendship, more out of regard to my Edmund's peace, than any consideration
for

for him; he seized both my hands, and pressed them to his lips, and then threw himself at my feet; in short, I thought the man distracted.

While I was stooping to raise him, for fear any one would come and find him kneeling, (as he still forcibly held my hands) who should start out of an arbour, but my Edmund, gracious Heaven, do I live and be able to relate it. I screamed with joy, which was too powerful for utterance; but instead of flying to my arms, in a voice hardly articulate, he addressed me; abandoned woman, is this the reception you give me; to receive you from the embraces of your paramour, but thanks to my friend that acquainted me with your perfidy, words nor oaths I could not believe, but my eyes could not deceive me. I might have talked for ever, I could not speak. The contending passions overpowered me, and I sunk to the earth insensible; but I forgot to tell you, on the noise Mr. Lenox made coming out of the arbour, the author of my unhappiness hurried out of the garden.

A series of swooning fits prevented my knowing by what means I was got into the house; but when I recovered, I found myself on a sofa, my mother supporting me
in

in her arms. In a state of frenzy I demanded what had happened; I called on Edmund. I had remembered I had seen him, 'tho I scarcely knew what were my reflections on that, or indeed any thing else; my senses were exceedingly confused, a train of melancholy ideas hurried through my brain, I was by turns, sick, giddy, and violently hot and cold, yet still my thoughts were bent on Edmund. The first thing that gave them a turn was the sight of my child; I now wept plentifully, but after that, remained in a silent stupid way for three months.

In the mean time, my husband wrote to my father, informing him he would never return to England; begged he would take care of his child, till it would be convenient to take her home, but where that would be, Heaven only knew; that he would leave directions with his banker, to pay to his order four hundred pounds per annum. Through the whole letter he never mentioned me, but it was penned like one distracted in mind.

For three years, I continued almost in a state of insensibility, and in that time never asked a question about my husband, till I was roused by accidentally meeting with his picture; here she drew it from her bosom, (I
never

never saw any face so handsome except one) this said she, awakened all my sensibility.

I now made inquiries concerning my still adored Edmund; we heard where he was by accident, I wrote to him to beg an explanation of what appeared all a mystery, but received no answer. Mr. Danvers wrote soon after to me, to beg my pardon, and requested to be admitted to my presence, as it was in his power to serve me. I would not see him, his very name struck terror to my soul, and the sight of him would have thrown me into the same state from which I was just recovered.

The education of Olivia was now all my amusement, and I spent my time as well as the nature of my situation would admit of, till the wretched Danvers had a paralytick stroke, and was given over by the physicians, he sent for my father to make a confession of his guilty attachment to me. He told him he had loved me to distraction from the time he first saw me; which was the day I was betrothed to my much loved Edmund, that increased to such a degree, he was not master of himself. When Mr. Lenox went abroad, he was determined we should never more meet, as he found my affections for my husband so great, as to leave him no hope of succeeding

succeeding; that from time to time he wrote such accounts of me, as left him room for fears, which he begged of Danvers to ease him of; in his answer, he desired he might be composed, for he had nothing to allege against me; but my great desire for admiration, and a young creature situated like me, was looked on by every man of gallantry as their property: thus did he wind my poor Edmund to his base purpose.

When he found he was coming home, he wrote to him, and told him he was sorry to lay my conduct before him, but friendship would not permit him to be silent. He then told him I admitted the visits of the most libertine man in the town, at hours no prudent woman would be seen at, but by her husband. On the receipt of this insidious letter, my poor abused Edmund, set out for England, and arrived at his treacherous friend's house incog. He then told him, he believed that very evening I was to meet my gallant; as my father was to have company. He said his friendship carried him farther than honour would allow, but in such a case he did not attend to its whisperings.

Thus

Thus did he play with his temper, and roused all his resentment. When he had accomplished his design, and had got his promise not to discover himself; but when he had ocular demonstration, he would immediately quit the garden. You know, ladies, what followed; Danvers managed it so that his back was to the arbour, and the change of dress made such an alteration, as prevented the distracted Edmund from knowing him. When he returned to his house, he found him almost deprived of life, his resentment was subsiding, and he declared he would go, and upbraid me with my unworthiness, and then leave me for ever.

But Danvers ridiculed his folly, as he called it; if once, said he, you hear the syren's voice, I give you up; his pernicious counsel prevailed, and I never saw my Edmund more; this confession was signed by the dying penitent, who sent to ask my forgiveness; I sent it but could not summon resolution to go and see him. About three years ago, I lost both father and mother, they died within six months of each other; I am afraid their sensibility was too much affected by my unhappy situation, and hastened their dissolution. Soon after I disposed of the furniture and house we lived in, and took this cottage, determined

ed to pass my days unknowing and unknown. Resignation is my duty, difficult is the attainment of it ; but are not my woes measured out to me by the kind hand of a father ; who proportions my tryals to my strength, it is so, and I kiss the rod that inflicts my misery.

Here the fair mourner ended her melancholy tale ; we all continued silent sometime, for indeed there was no one able to speak. Lady Seymour was the first that broke silence ; she condoled with her on her early misfortunes, asked her had she heard lately of Mr. Lenox ; she answered the last time she heard he was at Geneva, but was told his stay there would be very short, as he never continued longer than a few days in any place, and his banker had passed his honour, never to give his address to any one, which has prevented him from being undeceived. Lady Seymour now arose to go, she said she would not ask Miss Lenox to the castle to day, as she thought it cruel to leave Mrs. Lenox a prey to those ideas, the relating her sorrows must occasion ; but the next day she would expect the pleasure of her company. She promised and we took our leave ; I will make no comment on Mrs. Lenox's History.

I think

SEYMOUR CASTLE. 115

I think she may be stiled the fair unfor-
tunate ; I hope my dear Cecilia, fortune has
no such ills in store, for you, or your;

JULIA St. LEGER.

LET.

LETTER XX.

Miss CECILIA WALDERGRAVE, to Miss St.

LEGER.

Grosvenor-Square.

P OOR Mrs. Lenox ! pity is too weak an expression for what I feel for her ; her misfortunes began very early. You see my dear Julia, that the smallest deviation from the line of rectitude, embittersevery moment; but she payed rather dear for her disobedience;

ence ; tho' I imagine she would never have enjoyed perfect happiness with a person of Mr. Lenox's disposition.. For that green eyed monster jealousy, often destroys the beloved, as well as the hated object ; both are hurried indiscriminately to destruction, I rejoice, for the young Olivia's sake ; you met with the accident, as you escaped unhurt, it will be the means of releasing her from a confinement that could not fail of being irksome to her, and I make no doubt but her little heart panted long ago after liberty ; it is a wish implanted in our nature.

I must confess I would have taken some step towards a release, tho' I had been obliged to have called some wandering knight to my aid, who would have been glad of shewing his prowess ; but it was left to a gentle fair one, led by sage Minerva, to hand Olivia into the world.

Pray my dear has she seen any of the lords of the creation, besides old Abraham, you did not tell me his name ; if I have christened him wrong, I beg his pardon.

And so Julia, you cried when Lord Seymour was offended : You come on my girl delightfully, what an exalted friendship you have for him. I could be witty on the occasion, but I am forbidden you know. Now
Julia,

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ent;
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nce;

Julia, prepare to be introduced to Princes, Dukes and Lords, no blushing child, that is quite out of fashion. Mercy on me, what a round of pleasure have I whirled in these last ten days: Lord, some one says, a woman's noblest station is retreat, that I deny, for my motto is "let me wander not unseen," what does it signify, whether a girl is handsome or otherwise, if there is no one to see her but her own family; the old Rector of the Parish, or the squires of the vicinity, who behold a fine woman, but as an inferior being to their horse or pointer; the bare idea of being cooped up with such a set, makes me fly to my *Eau de luce*? Now I am a little recovered, I will inform you that Lady Wilton, accompanied by Lady Selina Seymour, called for me on Sunday morning; we set out in high spirits, and arrived at Windsor at one; it is a delightful place, situated on a pleasant rising ground, consists of several streets of handsome houses, has a large church, with a ring of eight bells.

When we had made some little alteration in our dress, we went to see the castle; is is a noble Edifice, from which is a beautiful prospect of a fine vale: with the Thames gliding gently through it.

Whilst we were amusing ourselves, admiring the scenes before us, some of which carried

ried us back to the days of William the Conqueror (*i. e.*) a man of blood, for all heroes from Alexander down, in my opinion, deserve no other appellation; I am for the old Spartan method, I would have them be able to defend their property from the ambition of others, but not invade their neighbours Territories without a just cause. Bless me how I have wandered from my subject, and will now return to the more pleasing scenes of Windsor.)

Lady Selina and I, were accosted by two smart Cavaliers, who offered their service to shew the castle; we declined their civility, as we were waiting for Lady Wilton, who had gone to one of the apartments; but they would take no denial, and plied us with such adulation and gallantry, that I was ready to die with laughter, and Lady Selina with fear; who's afraid, said I, they will not bite us; however, I was no way displeased, when I saw Lady Wilton return with the Earl of Somerset and Lord Melvin, the Earl is an humble of Lady Selina's, and you know to whom the other belongs, tho' I did not betray a consciousness as her ladyship did, who blushed scarlet deep at their approach, and turned to one of our beaux, to say something I believe she did not know what; but behold they had vanished at sight of our noble admirers. Where
are

are the gentlemen, Miss Waldergrave, said she, why replied I, they are gone about their business since you would not accept their service; what service did they offer, says Lord Melvin, for they are servants to Colonel L— did they presume to speak to you; yes says I, they were very civil, and very entertaining and most obligingly offered to shew us the curiosities; indeed my Lord, they beat you hollow at compliments. We laughed heartily at our adventure, and when we had seen the castle, we returned to Lady Wilton's; in my next will tell you how I like Lady Selina, and give you an account of a superb ball, that is to be at the castle,

Love me, my Julia, and believe me,
Ever Yours,

CECILIA WALDERGRAVE.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

LORD HENRY SEYMOUR to Sir CHARLES

WILMOT.

Seymour-Castle.

I AM returned from Abbeville, after an absence of eight days, and was received by the lovely Julia with pleasure sparkling in her eyes, but my mind is agitated with a thousand fears. Sir George Mordaunt has proposed for her in form, and has been refused, but in such a manner as did honour to her. Emily has spoke to her before me, for so immediately determining his fate, and said she thought

G

her

her wrong to reject Sir George; she with the greatest sweetness replied it gave her no pleasure to keep any person in suspense, who honoured her with his approbation, when she was resolved in her own mind not to accept him; for said she, I do not think I am licenced to treat any gentleman ill, for thus distinguishing me.

Such sentiments have if possible raised her in my esteem; for the generality of her sex lead a man like an ape about for six or twelve months, and then discard him for another, and another still succeeds, and the last fool as welcome as the former. Sir George still continues his assiduities; I often observe him eye me with an inquisitive attention, whilst I am tortured with the idea that her affections are engaged elsewhere. A Mr. Howard, heir to the Earl of ——— proposed for her when Lady Mary St. Leger was living, perhaps he has gained her affections, tho' the match might not have been agreeable to her mother, I hear he is now in the South of France.

Of late she is grown more reserved in her behaviour to me, and has made an excuse for

not taking any more lessons; the time she formerly dedicated to that employment she spends in her apartment; in vain do I strive to discover whether she entertains any tenderer sentiment for me than that of friendship; sometimes I am flattered by her attentions, and I think her eyes betray a degree of pleasure at my approach, but in a moment the idea is banished, and I am convinced she beholds me in no other light than her friend (as she calls me). I am tempted to open my heart to her, but the thought of finding her engaged, drives me to madness; if she has got the better of her first attachment, and would accept me, my happiness would not be complete, as I should be in terror of her again changing. Opportunities are now wanting for meeting her alone, as the castle is crowded with strangers, and to add to my distress; the Newbrough family are expected.

Lord Orford comes with his father. I would dispense with his company. Indeed Wilmot I have got into a labyrinth, and without your friendly assistance, I know not how to extricate myself; let me hear from you soon, I shall be directed by your advice, as I am dissatisfied with my conduct in this affair; my mind is so agitated, I cannot an-

swer any part of your letter, but be more
careful of disposing of your heart, than your
friend,

HENRY SEYMOUR.

LET.

LETTER XXII

SIR CHARLES WILMOT TO LORD HENRY

SEYMOUR.

London.

TELL it not in Gath, publish it not in
the streets of Ascalon; least the daughters
of Philistia should rejoice, that the renowne
Lord Seymour, who might revel in the arms
of the first rate beauties in this great metro-

polis; is now dying for an innocent country girl, and dare not breath his passion but in sighs. But I had forgot your Lordship is so sentimental and refined; you could not enjoy perfect happiness, if your fair enslaver ever breathed a wish for any swain, prior to her seeing your Lordship, lest she should again transfer her affections. For shame my Lord, be more just to yourself, than to imagine any woman Lord Seymour honours with his affections, will ever change whilst he remains constant; for to give them their due, (some few depraved minds excepted) they are not by nature prone to inconstancy, but often through resentment err.

You'll say I am in a hopeful way, when I become so zealous an advocate for female excellence; I speak, Seymour in general terms, no single attachment for me. But jesting a part, I pity Miss St. Leger exceedingly: you allow you have paid her every attention in your power, in hopes to gain her affections, and you do not know, but what you have succeeded, without her knowing your intentions, and her present reserve is a proof of it. Wild and unthinking as I am, I would not sport with the happiness of an amiable woman

nor

nor flatter my vanity at the expence of her peace.

Believe me, I exonerate your Lordship of any such intention ; therefore declare yourself as soon as possible, and deliver yourself and Miss St. Leger, out of the disagreeable situation you are in. I wish Lord Orford was with you, if it would be the means of putting an end to a silence, so detrimental to your happiness. Take my advice, and success attend you.

I go to Windsor to-morrow to a ball at the castle, and will not be in town till Saturday, when I expect a letter of thanks, till then

Adieu,

CHARLES WILMOT.

P. S. I forgot to return my warmest acknowledgments for your friendly caution in the disposal of my heart; I am in no haste to part

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the

the poor thing, for it is very peaceable, and seems perfectly satisfied with its present possessor, "My heart's my own, &c. &c.

Once more adieu,

C. W.

Adieu,

CHARLES WILKINSON.

M. T.

LETTER XXIII.

Miss St. LEGER to Miss CECILIA WALDEN.

GRAVE.

Seymour Castle.

WE may justly say with the Poet,

“ The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,

“ Puzzled in mazes, and perplexed in error.

for us short sighted mortals to complain, that its dispensations are not right, if it does not coincide with our wishes, is certainly impious.

But you ask what all this tends to, for I had intirely forgot you were not acquainted with the denouement of Mrs. Lenox's story. I believe I told you the day was fixed to bring Olivia to the Castle. Emily and I set out immediately after breakfast on the embassy.

Emily you may suppose not a little delighted with the business of releasing Miss Lenox; for she was much of your way of thinking in regard of her confinement.

As we were laughing and amusing ourselves with the remarks Emily supposed she would make of men and manners: Sir George Mordaunt popped his head in at the window; where are you going, my fair runaways, thus attended; Emily answered on a secret expedition, or else we would be glad of his agreeable company. He smiled and bowed, for Emily had put on a look of importance, and told us he was bringing a particular friend of his to the castle, to request our assistance to dispel a gloom that hung over him, owing says he with a sigh, and looking at me, to a disappointment in which his heart was concerned. Poor man how I pity him, replied Emily, tho' I think you lords of the creation, should not indulge so weak a passion to such excess as to make you miserable; you should leave that to feminine folly, but Sir George why dont you introduce your friend? Here
Sir

Sir George called him, and announced him Mr. Miller. When I got a full view of his face, it struck me I had seen it before, but where I could not call to mind; but Sir George saying he was just come from abroad, made me relinquish the idea of claiming an acquaintance; after some compliments passing, we wished them a good morning, and proceeded on our journey.

We found Miss Lenox ready dressed. After the usual ceremony of introducing Emily to the ladies was over, Mrs. Lenox kissed Olivia, and delivered her to me, saying Miss St. Leger, I consign the only treasure I possess into your hands. She is now going into the world; may she meet more happiness in it than her unfortunate mother did. She then bid us adieu, and we returned to the castle.

We found Lord Henry, and Lady Seymour waiting for us, in the music parlour. Sir George was gone to shew Mr. Miller the gardens, they soon returned; I thought on Mr. Miller's coming into the room, he started and turned pale. Olivia sat next to me, and perceived her colour come and go several times. I imputed to her seeing so many strangers, so I did not take any notice for fear of distressing her, at last Emily said Miss Lenox, I am afraid you are not well; she replied she had a pain in her head, which would go off,
when

when she got into the air; our attention was now called to another object, this was Mr. Lenox, for it was he, pale and sinking to the ground; he just cried out, Oh! my child, and fainted. Here was complicated distress, but after a little time, we got them composed. He told us he was struck on coming into the room, by the strong resemblance Olivia has to her mother, and she by the likeness he has to the same picture, which had made Lady Seymour and I imagine we had seen him before, after he had blessed and kissed her, he in a voice hardly articulate; said, tell me Olivia, tell me child, have you a mother, but no; replied he, answering himself, such consummate happiness, would be too much for one so unworthy, but do not hate your father; my Olivia, I will strive to make you all the recompence in my power; it was a long time before we could persuade him that Mrs. Lenox was living, but when he was convinced, his joy was unbounded.

He then wanted to set out immediately for the lodge, but this was opposed by Lady Seymour, who deferred the meeting till morning, when she intended to bring Olivia home, for she thought it required to be broke to Mrs. Lenox in a cautious manner; as her nerves were rather delicate. Ah! Lady Seymour

mour, says Mr. Lenox, I knew her when they were not so. I have suffered as well as she, by the artifice of a deceitful friend; but will endeavour to exculpate myself to you ladies to-morrow, and I hope my unfortunate story will excite more pity than blame, tho' I was certainly very culpable; it was dinner time before we thought of the hour, and therefore were obliged to dine in our habits. Mr. Lenox and Olivia eat very little, the day seemed the longest they ever saw, and I suppose they passed the night with the same impatience. As soon as breakfast was over, Mr. Lenox appeared miserable to be gone, and sat with his watch in his hand, counting the minutes, as Lady Seymour said it would be improper for so many strangers to go at so early an hour; at last we set out, when the coach stopped, his agitations were almost insupportable. He caught Olivia to his bosom, plead my Olivia, plead my child for your repenting father. Indeed my father, said the amiable girl, there is no occasion, my mother's first wish is to be reconciled to you, and to have an opportunity to clear her conduct; that is already done replied he.

Come, come Miss Lenox, said Lady Seymour, your mother will wonder what keeps us. We hurried up the garden, Mrs. Lenox met us with smiles, you are welcome ladies

dies, I see you have brought my truant home.

Olivia flew about her mother's neck, and burst into tears; upon my word Miss Lenox said Lady Seymour, you must not go abroad again, if you bring nothing but tears home, but I must give your mother a reason for them; she then informed her of Olivia seeing a Mr. Miller at the castle, who is an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Lenox's, and who told her he intended visiting England very soon. Thank Heaven, said Mrs. Lenox in ecstasy, he then will hear my justification; when I have done that, and insured a protector for my Olivia, I will quit the world with pleasure.

Here Lady Seymour interrupted her, how would you feel my dear Mrs. Lenox, if you heard your Edmund was in England. She was silent for some time, at last with a heavy sigh she said, she hoped God would give her fortitude to bear his taking Olivia from her, for he had in a letter to her father, said he would take her, if ever he was settled; but I hope the Almighty will not try me farther than I can bear. But tell me, my dear madam, said Lady Seymour (who grew apprehensive for her head) how you would receive your Edmund, if he sought a reconciliation. Spare me Lady Seymour, but why this conversation? Mr. Lenox will never seek me
here

here the door flew open, and Mr. Lenox was at her feet in a moment; his impatience could not brook our tedious delay. Mrs. Lenox fainted, and it was a long time before she revived. I cannot Cecilia, describe the reconciliation; I was too much affected to be a speculative spectator.

When they were sufficiently composed to converse rationally, Lady Seymour asked him how he could be led astray by such a meteor, as an untried friend; and for such a number of years continue in an error so detrimental to his happiness. Mr. Lenox bowed to lady Seymour, and said, I deserve your ladyship's criticism; but Mr. Danvers knew the unfortunate defect in my disposition, and played it off to my destruction, and perhaps I would not now have come to a proper way of thinking, if sickness had not overtaken me; and left me room for reflection. I then considered Mr. Danvers had carried his friendship rather too far, and thought I was wrong in being so hasty in judging from appearances; it was that determined me to return to my native land, after an absence of sixteen years.

When I arrived at Bromley, I found the house inhabited by strangers, who could give no information relative to you; bowing to
Mrs.

Mrs. Lenox. I then applied to Mr. Dixon, the Rector, who shewed me Mr. Danver's confession; this as it cleared my doubts, made me very miserable, as he could not tell me where you were gone to. Your Agent was faithful to his trust; all I could say was ineffectual to wring the secret from him, till he heard from you, which was twice a year. I therefore was obliged to give up the pursuit, and accepted of Sir George Mordaunt's invitation, with whom I was very intimate abroad.

When I saw Olivia at the castle, her mother stood confessed before me; but when Miss Sydney called her Lenox, every pulse forgot to beat. You know the rest ladies, and you see the most miserable of men before you, if Mrs. Lenox refuses me her forgiveness; should I be so unfortunate, I can never blame her, but will go to some distant part, there to lament my fate. Mrs. Lenox threw herself into his arms, and a perfect reconciliation took place.

What surprising vicissitudes, my Cecilia, attend human life, how swift the transition, from grief to joy, and how nearly do these opposite sensations, bear a resemblance to each other; for when joy is excessive, it becomes nearly allied to pain.

Lady

Lady Seymour made it a point they should dine at the castle, which they agreed to; but by Mrs. Lenox regaining a husband, she shall lose an agreeable neighbour, as Mr. Lenox must return to Geneva, upon particular business. I shall feel a great loss, as I flattered myself I should spend some happy hours at the lodge. Sir George goes with them, to try as he says if absence will weaken his attachment to me. I am glad my Cecilia, you have spent your time so agreeably, but why are you so indolent as to neglect sending me an account of the ball, to leave female curiosity on the stretch, is rather cruel.

Lord Seymour speaks of lady Wilton's beauty, but not of her discretion; he blames her father for marrying her to one as old as himself. He says she is followed by all the young fellows of gallantry in London: wonders much at her Grace permitting lady Selina to be with her at Windsor.

Beware my much loved friend of an intimacy with her; your innocency of heart, makes you unsuspecting, there are more girls ruined by a connexion with one of her character, than an acquaintance with the most profligate of the other sex. A female libertine is a dreadful character: whatever pleasure you partake of in her society, I request you'll forego, for believe me a woman's fame
is

is like fatten, whose gloss is injured by the stain, tho' the blot is purged away, and those who will not maintain a proper respect for themselves, are not to expect others will. Mrs. Waldergrave must be acquainted with her ladyship's character, or she would never consent to your accompanying her on your present excursion.

Lord Seymour I believe writes to lady Selina by this post on the same subject. I am convinced he would not breathe a hint to lady Wilton's disadvantage, if he had not sufficient reason, and not even then; but he knows how much I am interested in every thing that concerns you. Write soon my dear girl, and believe me sincerely,

Your's,

JULIA ST. LEGER.

LET.

LETTER XXIV.

Miss CECILIA WALDERGRAVE, to Miss St.

LEGER.

Grosvenor Square.

UPON my word Julia, you have concluded your novel extremely well, and I rejoice poor Mrs. Lenox, has the prospect of passing the residue of her days in happiness. I hope for her sake, her lord and master will not again be troubled with a fit of jealousy, as another sixteen years separation, might not do so well at their time of life; but I suppose

pose he has arrived at years of discretion, and will not be so credulous for the future. I don't think I should have forgiven him so easily; but she is one of your tender souls, and would not keep in suspense, one she had vowed to honour and obey.

Now you must know, I am an enemy to such unconditional submission, as I think it is rather presumptuous to make a solemn promise to do, what perhaps is not in our power to perform, for you know people marry every day with a most comfortable contempt for their help-mate. I wish the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury would convene a synod to make some alterations in the marriage ceremony, and to the words honour and obey, add as long as the husband continues to deserve such affection and obedience, now don't you think it would prevent many from making false vows; don't look so grave, Julia, nor imagine I am ridiculing matrimony, for I look on it as a very awful ceremony, and ten to one, some day or other may enter the magic circle; and be obliged to say them two words that I have such an aversion to: they will however make me more particular in my choice; but that same would puzzle me, to give a preference where there are so many pretenders to my favour, all of equal merit and all admirers of their own dear persons.

But

But Solomon says, that in a multitude there is safety ; so on that account I smile on all, not but what I have got a favourite, who I will not introduce you to, till I bring you to the festive scenes of Windsor.

The morning after our arrival, Lady Wilton told us to prepare for a ball that was to be at the castle. I expect an addition says she smiling, to our party ; lady Selina you are acquainted with Sir Charles Wilmot, lady Selina replied she was very intimate with him, and glad he was to be of the party ; he is a charming fellow added she, and abounds with vivacity. I think he will be a delightful match for Miss Waldergrave ; none of your match-making, lady Selina, answered Lady Wilton, you must not presume on your intimacy with Sir Charles, to rob me of my *Cicisbeo*. I declare Lady Wilton, said I, laughing, I will do my best for that purpose, as I think it very dreadful for you married ladies to make a monopoly of all the pretty fellows, and leave nothing for us spinsters, but your refuse, assist me dear Lady Selina to make this matron feel our power, and carry off this Sir Charles, that she has made her slave. Company coming in put a stop to our nonsense ; the conversation turned intirely on the ball. Lord Melvin engaged me for the first set ; I told him I had engaged myself to Sir Charles

Charles Wilmot, but that as he was so importunate, I would waive ceremony for the first, the second set I was determined to dance with Sir Charles, happy Sir Charles echoed he with a sigh, may I ask are you long acquainted with Sir Charles, no, said I, nor have I ever seen him, but I have a reason to wish to engage him; Lord Melvin sighed again; might he ask the reason I was so laconic, and answered no; we passed a very cheerful day, Lady Wilton gave a ball in the evening; lord Melvin as usual my partner, lord Melvin again, indeed Julia, I cannot help it, you'll say I do wrong to encourage him, how can I avoid it? I have repeatedly refused him, if he will continue his assiduities, am I to blame, I like his company, tho' I would not like to lead my life with him, and it is an indulgence to him to permit him to attend me, and pray my sweet friend, where's the harm in it. You experience the sweets of Platonic love, and I am sure you would grieve to lose that intercourse of souls; that refined sentiment you feel for lord Seymour, not that I have any of the palpitations my dear Julia has experienced on some occasions; I am perfectly at my ease in regard to lord Melvin, and converse with him, as if he was a perfect stranger, since I acquainted him with my sentiments, which I assured him could never alter

alter in that respect, so that my dear Julia I cannot be accused of coquetry, that his lordship can acquit me of.

He and the Earl of Somerset called for us to go to the ball; and if my glass did not flatter me, I never looked better. lady Selina looked and moved a goddess, lady Wilton *alas mort*, for her swain had disappointed her.

The entertainment was the most superb and splendid that could be imagined; the company numerous and brilliant. The dancing began very early; as I was chatting to lady Selina who stood next me, I perceived lady Wilton stand up, (for she had not gone into the card room) and beckon to a gentleman to come to her; I directly made him out to be Sir Charles Wilmot, whilst I was observing them, lord Melvin told me that was Sir Charles Wilmot, talking with lady Wilton. I suppose her ladyship will be prevailed on to dance, now her favourite is come, says he, unless her lord's being here will prevent her: why replied I, would he be so unreasonable to expect she would sit at cards all night; if I was his wife I am sure I would disappoint him, he smiled and was silent; several times I saw Sir Charles glance his eyes towards us, a gentleman at last broke the *tete à tete*, and left him at liberty.

He

He came up directly to lady Selina, after complimenting her ladyship, he turned to lord Melvin; who chid him for breaking his engagement with a fair lady, he replied let it appear ever so extraordinary, I could not leave town before, for my old uncle was so very bad, there was no hopes of him, but he is now much better, and I came off post, and I flatter myself, the cause will plead my excuse; but I imagine I am come too soon for my ease: if I escape unhurt to night, I think I may brave all dangers, looking at me with his lively black eyes; indeed Julia, I might have spelt that word with an O, and it would have answered full as well; but they could not in my mind be lovely without being lively, nor lively without being lovely, how I have wandered from my story.

As you talk of danger Sir Charles, replied lady Selina, I will introduce you to Miss Waldergrave, and I think I may insure your safety, from all the artillery of the rest of the females for this night; there was a great many smart things said on both sides, till we were interrupted by being obliged to join the dance. When he had an opportunity, he asked me for the next set: you may be assured I consented, and I believe looked very well pleased that he asked me.

Lady

Lady Wilton neither danced nor played cards, but sat fiddling with her fan and seemed no way delighted, when Sir Charles claimed my promise. I asked why she did not dance, she replied she was not well, she had got a pain in her head: But whatever her reason was for not dancing, it was very visible she was not pleased at my having Sir Charles for a partner: If she was a single woman, I would not strive to draw the attention of the person she seemed to approve. Conquest Julia is pleasant, but triumph I despise. I think lady Wilton wrong to encourage Sir Charles Wilmot, he possesses an insinuating address joined to a most elegant person, which I am afraid has made too deep an impression on poor lady Wilton's heart; her uneasiness all the night was too conspicuous to pass uncensured: Out of compassion to her I proposed going home, earlier than lady Selina wished, but lady Wilton after apologizing for the interruption she gave to our amusement, accepted the offer; to the no small mortification of our Beaus.

The morning brought your motherly lecture, lady Selina received one from her brother, which made her look very grave, and she told lady Wilton she was obliged to go to town, on business of lord Seymours; and

VOL. I.

H

how

now Wilton had got the better of her chagrin, she rallied me on the resolution I had made of dancing with Sir Charles. But take care of your heart Miss Waldergrave said she, he is a dangerous man, you must not listen too much to him; I am pretty much of her opinion; but pray Julia don't take it in your head that I love the fellow, it is not thank heaven come to that.

The gentlemen came to see us after breakfast, do not laugh at my vanity, but I really thought I saw disappointment in Sir Charles's face, when he was told of our going to town, however, we did not part untill he obtained permission to wait on me in Grosvenor-Square, I granted the request, and own to you I was not displeased at his making it, for he is a most agreeable creature. I shall follow your advice and break all connexion with lady Wilton as soon as possible; not that I believe her so culpable as the world seems to think, but her character not being unexceptionable, is sufficient to make me avoid her company. My mother has had a letter from Paris; the contents are a secret. Harriet does not write to me, perhaps Lord Henry can inform you something about her.

Adieu my dear JULIA, ever Yours,

CECILIA WALDERGRAVE.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

LORD HENRY SEYMOUR to Sir CHARLES

WILMOT.

Seymour Castle.

WILMOT it is over ; my fate is determined, and I am for ever doomed to mourn unrequited love ; just as I had flattered myself with the hope of not being indifferent to her, and from that hope resolved to reveal a passion I have felt since the first moment I saw her. Just at that expectant, and as I thought auspicious moment, to have my

H 2

hopes

hopes blasted for ever : by heaven, it was too much to be borne : expectation would be preferable to this cruel certainty.

When I received your last letter, I was on the best terms with Miss St. Leger, that reserve that I complained of, was entirely banished, and I only wanted to be convinced I was beloved to compleat my happiness, before I had finished reading of it ; I was astonished at my own stupidity, in not discovering what now appeared evident to me, and blamed myself, for being so tardy in declaring a passion that preyed on my very vitals, and which would release Miss St. Leger out of the very disagreeable situation she must be in. I was therefore determined to come to an eclaireissement the first opportunity I should have.

When I went to the drawing room where the ladies were assembled ; I believe I looked serious, for the two great springs of human actions, hope and fear ; operated most powerfully on me, and I was so lost in thought that I was almost insensible to every thing around me ; till the lovely Julia expressed her fears that I was ill, or had received disagreeable news from town ; her inquiries roused me out of my reverie, and for the remainder of the evening, I attached myself to her ; never was love more violent, nor
beauty

beauty more inspiring; the bewitching melody of her voice, the softness of her manner, that lovely femininity (without which the most beautiful woman would not please me) quite inebriated me: satisfied I was beloved, I behaved in such a manner as made the dear girl thoughtful in her turn, which continued till we separated. I was now determined not to let another day elapse without a perfect knowledge of her sentiments, in regard of me, before the arrival of the Newbourg family, which my aunt expected at breakfast the next morning.

Miss St. Leger complained of a pain in her head, which prevented her going out with Lady Seymour and Miss Sydney; I rejoiced at her staying at home, tho' I grieved for the cause. When I heard the coach drive out of the court yard, I went to Miss St. Leger's apartment, when I had got to her dressing room, my heart began to palpitate, I tapped, and then opened the door. The lovely Julia was sitting at a table with the window up, she was attentively looking at a picture, which she seemed to have been correcting, as she held a pencil in her hand; she never looked more lovely than at that instant, the vivid glow of her complexion, the animated changes of her countenance, whilst she view-

ed the subject of my uneasiness, rivetted me to the spot, and deprived me for some minutes of the power of retiring, which was my intention, seeing her so deeply engaged, for she did not perceive me coming into the room; but just as I was going to quit it, the air of the window blew the picture towards me, the blank side up, Julia screamed, and was near fainting when she saw me. I took up the picture, and flew to her assistance. When she was recovered, I requested her forgiveness for my intrusion. In a low tremulous voice, she begged me to leave her; I seized her hand, and pressed it eagerly to my lips, and left the fatal paper on the table, and returned to my own apartment, in a state of mind little short of distraction, I am tortured by jealousy and disappointment.

Oh! Wilmot, could I have seen the picture, but honour, generosity forbid it; all is over, and I now bid adieu to happiness; this incident dissipated that too flattering bubble hope; that air built fabrick, raised by my own vanity.—Adieu, thou pleasing vision! self-love deserved this punishment, how could I be so weak to suppose she loved me! I would have quit the castle directly, but that I had promised Lady Seymour to stay until Lord Newbourg's return to town; I could not therefore

therefore break my promise without giving some reason for it.

I was uneasy at Lord Orford's coming here, as I was sure he would admire Miss St. Ledger, but now that thought is lost in a certain evil.

Surely, Charles, she that possesses such refined sentiments, would not place her affections on an improper object; if she had, I am certain she would not encourage the inclination.

Her behaviour to me was of the most flattering kind, and yet I clear her of being a coquet; she takes no pleasure in a train of admirers, but behaves with the greatest propriety. I have not seen her since, as she has been confined to her bed, the physicians say it is a fever on her spirits, if it should prove fatal (heavens shield me from that thought). I will accuse myself of being her murderer: her delicate frame could not bear the shock I occasioned her, what right had I to intrude on her privacy?

I request dear Wilmot, you'll inquire if my old Swiss is in London, for as I intend to go to the Continent, I would be glad to have him with me; as I know him to be faithful; I shall then bid adieu to love and happiness,
and

and preserve no other attachment, but my
friendship for you. I feel myself not well,
this disappointment has almost drove me to
distracti^on,

Yours,

HENRY SEYMOUR.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

Sir CHARLES WILMOT to LORD HENRY

SEYMOUR.

London.

I Now believe it as firmly as my creed, that
 "love makes wise men fools, and turns their
 wits, the scamy side out." Did your lordship
 keep a copy of the last ditty you sent me, if
 you did, look it over, and see if you have not
 acted wrong from the beginning to the end.
 You say Miss St. Leger has behaved in a most
 flattering manner to you; how do you know
 but that moment she was making compari-

sons no way to your Lordship's disadvantage. If you had opened the trenches, my life for it the garrison would have capitulated: your lordship acted too long on the defensive, if you had taken my advice in time, hope and fear would have been banished long ago, and have given way to certainty, but now you are so far gone, it will take all the water between this and the continent, to efface the impression.

But seriously as your happiness is so much concerned, I intreat you will make one effort to sound her inclinations: if she is what you describe her to be, she will not keep you in suspense; if she inclines to you, seize pleasure while you may, it is my motto, and it has been a maxim laid down by the wisest both in prose and verse; do not therefore sacrifice happiness that inestimable treasure to punctilio. If your lordship was inclined to laugh I would furnish you with a good subject: I am absolutely in love, now take your revenge for all I have ever said to you, but if ever you'll see me a pining lover I will give you leave to post me; not but that I love the little Gypsey to distraction, and she is very willing to use her power, but I assure you she shall not have all the amusement to herself.

All

All this time I have forgot to acquaint your lordship, the object that has raised this commotion in the breast of your friend, is the Miss Waldergrave, who you know I have taken some pains to avoid, but my hour was come, therefore there was no escaping; she certainly is without exception the most love inspiring woman I ever met with, full of life and spirit! But let me perish Seymour if I can give you her portrait, you must see her to judge; "its not her eyes, its not her mouth, but Cecilia altogether." I met her at Windsor with lady Wilton, a hopeful matron you'll say, and I believe I should have no very sublime idea of my fair enslaver, but that lady Selina Seymour to my great astonishment was of the party.

How lady Wilton had such influence on the Dowager's, as to prevail on them to permit the young ones to be under her care, a good deal surprises me; their stay was but short, for they went to town the day after the ball, to my no small mortification, tho' I had obtained permission from the divine Cecilia; (don't I improve my lord) to wait on her in Grosvenor-Square, you may assure yourself I availed myself of that permission, to the eternal displeasure of lady Wilton, who would absolutely make me her property;

property: I could wish to break decently with her, I pity her, tho' you know the connexion was intirely of her seeking, so my conscience is perfectly at peace with regard to her ladyship.

Miss Waldergrave and Miss St. Leger are dear friends, your lordship would be almost in love with her, if you were to hear her talk of her Julia, for by that appellation she always distinguishes her. I have sounded her with regard to your imaginary rival, and she has declared her friend was intirely free from any attachment of that sort, when she went to Seymour Castle: Make the most of that, as you need not doubt your authority.

Mrs. Waldergrave received me with a better grace than she does most of her daughter's admirers: Cecilia is a very woman, she smiles on all her train, you would laugh to see the bustle she occasions when she attempts to move, each votary endeavouring to have the happiness of handing their divinity to her chair. Lord Melvin she has refused, but he dangles after her, depending I suppose on the fickleness of the sex, and hoping he will sometime or other find her in a mood more favourable to his suit: I am at present particularly distinguished by her. If she improves and continues as pleasing as she now is, I shall certainly *pop* the question, if she ac-
cepts

cepts me I will hope for happiness, and commence Benedict ; but if she rejects my proposal, I will not hang or drown myself, nor yet go to the continent.

Apropos, I have enquired for Canton, who is in town and waits your lordships commands: for heaven's sake in your next letter be more yourself; if you persevere in going abroad you shall not go alone, perhaps I may prevail on Miss Waldergrave to accompany you, and your sincere friend,

CHARLES WILMOT.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

Miss St. LEGER to Miss CECILIA WALDER-

GRAVE.

Seymour Castle.

OH! Cecilia I can no longer conceal it from myself, I can no longer conceal it from my friend; the sensibility of your Julia has undone her. Yesterday the fatal secret discovered itself to me, how fallen is your poor Julia in her own eyes; am I not despicable

ble in his? You too my Cecilia will blame me; if my flowing tears will permit me, I will tell you all; be gentle however my Cecilia in your rebuke, or else you will break the heart of your distracted friend: You know I was fond of taking likenesses, I could not resist the impulse to attempt lord Henry's, but like Pygmalion I grew enamoured of my own performance, yet still I only imagined I admired the picture because it was really beautiful.

Sure fate was busy with my ruin, all breakfast yesterday I complained of a head-ach; lady Seymour would not hear of my going out, for it was one of our visiting days to the tenantry: Miss Sidney attended her ladyship in her excursion, lord Seymour went out to ride, and I retired to my dressing-room; wrapt up in security, I neglected the precaution to fasten the door, a precaution I always used whenever I took out the picture: Absorbed in my fairy dream a thousand gay phantoms of happiness, the favourite offspring of delusion danced before me, insensible to every thing but the object I was contemplating, till the air of the window blew it towards the door, but guess my distress and terror on seeing lord Seymour stooping to take it up; I screamed in so dreadful

a manner as terrified him: He stop't for a moment, and then advanced to the table with the picture in his hand, the blank side fortunately for my reason up; he I believe apologized for his intrusion, but what he said I knew not: in a voice hardly articulate, I requested him to leave me, he obeyed and left me to my own reflections, but gracious heaven to what reflections! My brain turns at the recollection: The tide of blended passions by degrees subsided and I became a little more composed; I ranged the expansive region of indulgent fancy for subjects of consolation, but in vain; my dear Cecilia your Julia is not one of those warm imaginations, which through the impendent dark'ning cloud can pierce the gloom, and discover the blue sky behind it; your friend is too apt to look to the dark side of the prospect. Pity my weakness my Cecilia, but I dread losing lord Henry's good opinion. I shall be very unhappy without his esteem, and am tormented with the agonizing thought of having forfeited by my own indiscretion, what I would give the world to preserve; I knew I had the most perfect friendship for lord Seymour, but oh! Cecilia, how have I been misled by words without meaning; for love, with all his train, except hope, now sits triumphant
in

in my heart, and has robbed me of that peace, I fear I shall never more be in possession of; I have unsolicited given up my affections without a possibility of a return. Lord Seymour will think I have placed them on an object I am ashamed to acknowledge, and if ever he had a favourable thought of me will banish it from his breast, and hold me in the light of an intriguing girl. In the midst of my distress how happy am I in the friendship of my Cecilia, in whose bosom I can repose all my anxieties; the only happiness her Julia has now in view.

When lady Seymour and Miss Sydney returned they were shocked at the alteration in me; lady Seymour insisted on sending for her physician, which I did not oppose, as it will give me a pretence for not seeing lord Henry, my heart dies at the bare idea. My spirits were so much agitated, that when I retired to rest sleep flew from my eyes; the perturbation of my mind, had chased away that attendant in tranquility, and I insensibly repeated those lines of doctor Young—

“ Tired nature’s soft restorer, balmy sleep,
“ He like the world his ready visit pays,
“ Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes,
“ Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe
“ And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

and

and indeed Cecilia mine were so swelled they would hardly close; this morning I arose pale and unrefreshed, and so much indisposed that the doctor when he came ordered me to bed. I will not obey him, till I finish this.—Write to me soon, I know I need not entreat, you will, the friend of my heart will continue as she has ever been, attentive to her

JULIA St. LEGER.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

Miss CECILIA WALDERGRAVE, to Miss St.

LEGER.

Grosvenor-Square.

MY dearest Julia how I pity you, and condemn lord Seymour; I know it would be impossible for him to live in the same house with you, and remain insensible to your many perfections; thanks to your charms he is most distractedly in love, Sir Charles who is his confident has told me all, at the same time entreated, I would inform him what your sentiments were in regard of his

his friend. Upon my honour I had a great mind to tell him of the picture, for I think lord Henry and you are at cross purposes, in my idea it would be an act of charity to bring you to a right understanding; I certainly would have told him, but I was afraid to hurt your delicacy; however, I said I could answer you were quite free when you went to the castle. I asked him had lord Seymour declared himself, he said he had not from a notion he had of your being engaged: mentioned Mr. Howard now earl of Denby, (by the way, I wish you were in town, the earl is just come from Spa, and retains his old partiality for you.) I told Sir Charles you had refused him, and I was convinced you had no attachment at that time, that caused you to do so, or I should know it; you know my fair friend in that I told an untruth, as you did not tell me of your present one, till you could no longer conceal it; I suspected you long since, but you would not plead guilty to the charge. But seriously, my Julia, I cannot see, why you should be so unhappy about that affair of the picture; I am in hopes it will make my lord so jealous that it will not be in his power any longer, to make a secret of his passion. How ingenious you both are to torment yourselves

selves in raising bug bears, to fright you from enjoying the most agreeable time of your life,—

“ For what’s life without passion,
“ Sweet passion of love.”

but you were not content with sipping the sweets; you have clogged your wings with the honey, and extracted the sting; I am not for your cautious lovers, I think they sacrifice half their happiness to their wisdom, nor do I approve of your going under the doctors care, for in the first place it will hurt your spirits, and in the next it will punish lord Seymour too severely for intruding on your privacy. The man is monstrously stupid or else he would have contrived to have seen the picture, I have no patience with his false delicacy, did he want you to speak first? Don’t be angry Julia, for I imagine your behaviour to him was not the most discouraging: Now I think I see my sweet friend pout and put up her pretty lip, but you know I found you out long ago, and am quite provoked at his lordship for being so dull of apprehension.

Now I would tell you if I thought you would pay attention, that I believe Sir Charles Wilmot will be my papa, instead of
my

my lord and master, as my mother is passionately fond of him; so for fear of the match taking place, I think I must secure him. His uncle lord Morpath has been to pay me a visit, the old man is almost in as great a hurry as his nephew; he paid me a great many compliments, and said he feared he would join with the many, who would envy Charles the happiness he would enjoy with so amiable a companion; talked of sentiments, and I know not what. Sir Charles too had the temerity to plead for an early day, but I soon silenced him, for let them hurry as they will it shall not be concluded, till you and lord Seymour come to a proper explanation.

Lady Wilton has been to see me, she wished me joy of the accomplishment of my wishes; but you must give me leave Miss Waldergrave to doubt your veracity said she. In what, lady Wilton? You told me replied she, you had never seen Sir Charles Wilmot before that night at Windsor; upon my honour lady Wilton I never had; she sighed, was silent for a time, and soon after took her leave. I am apprehensive there was an improper connexion between Sir Charles and her; I do not take him to be a libertine from principle, but there are circumstances which often

ten lead a man into a labyrinth of guilt against his better reason. You are already too serious so will not begin to moralize, but conclude with intreating you will not give up to low spirits, but strive to behave as usual to lord Seymour: Would to God you could bring your mind to consider Sir George Mordaunt in the light he deserves; I do not urge you my sweet friend, as your happiness is the first consideration of your

CECILIA WALDERGRAVE.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

Lord HENRY SEYMOUR, to *Sir* CHARLES

WILMOT.

Seymour-Castle.

THE morning dawns not on a more anxious heart than Seymour's, my soul is all on fire, anxiety and impatience equally divide it, apprehension nearly devotes me to despair. Julia lies dangerously ill, the physicians have no hopes. On hearing the fatal news I almost distracted left the castle, and wandered for some hours in the wood, in hopes
to

to acquire some degree of composure; I have prayed to Heaven to restore her, or to give me resignation to support the trial: Oh! Wilmot a severe one I find it will be to your unhappy friend. On my return I was told she had fallen into a profound sleep, upon which every thing depended; this interval of suspense sickens affection, to me it is horrid big with woe. Heaven's what would I give to see the suffering angel! But that is impossible, Emily never quits the room.

It is now three o'clock, my eye lids are heavy but not with sleep, rest I will not court, it would be in vain, I must write to amuse my tortured mind. You tell me Wilmot that she loves me; by heaven's she loves me not, nor ever could; or do you imagine that my intrusion could have affected her in such a manner, no, no, my friend you are deceived in that opinion, and would wish me to indulge the same, I must now banish all delusive hopes, and drag on a wretched existence, far removed from every tender connexion, for my passion will end but with my life: Her beauty might have dazzled my eyes, but it would not have misled my heart, had it not been animated with something yet more powerful; it is that captivating union between a lively sensibility, and invariable sweetness of disposition, it is that

that tender feeling for the distresses of her fellow creatures; it is that justness of sentiment, that exquisite taste that derive their excellence from the purity of her soul; it is in a word the charms of her mind, more than those of her person, (lovely as that is) that I adore.

Six o'clock and she has not yet moved, her attendants tell me her sleep is composed; heaven will perhaps take pity on my tortured mind. It is now three days since I began this letter: Oh! Charles I am mad with joy, the physicians have pronounced her out of danger; Emily was the first to inform me of it, I so far forgot myself, that I caught the surprised girl and almost smothered her with kisses; when she had disengaged herself from me, she put on a grave face; flew to the door, and called to the doctor who was going down stairs; dear doctor said she, step in and feel lord Seymour's pulse, for I am afraid he is feverish. The doctor entered the room, and with a solemn countenance, said he was very sorry to find me so affected, and seized my hand before I could prevent it; for at the instant I could not forbear laughing at the ridiculous figure I made, which confirmed him in the belief, that I had not only had a fever but was delirious; he shook his head, ordered me to bed, to be let blood, and immediately after to take

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an emetic; and he would call again to-morrow. He then went to pay his compliments to my aunt, and alarmed her so much, that it was sometime before I could convince her, I was perfectly well in body; indeed my dear Harry, says the old lady, your looks contradict your words, I wish you would make use of the doctor's prescriptions; I entreated she would not urge me to do what was quite unnecessary, though I could not but agree with her in regard to my appearance, for faith Charles I am but a walking shadow. Emily took shelter in Julia's room, or I would have made her pay for her amusement.

When Julia recovers I will try all the art of soft persuasion to win her affections; if I fail expect me in town immediately. Be no way uneasy, Wilmot, at breaking with lady Wilton, as a continuation of your connexion with her will certainly prove the bane of your happiness.

By all accounts Miss Waldergrave is deserving your tenderest regards; happy men who have not played away your happiness by false delicacy, and by a proper conduct are in the way to obtain the object of your ardent wishes. Adieu I am beginning to grow melancholy,

melancholy, and therefore will not infect
you with the ideas of a distracted mind.

Your's Sincerely,

HENRY SEYMOUR.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

Miss St. LEGER to Miss CECILIA WALDER-

GRAVE.

Seymour-Castle.

IT is permitted me once more to write to my dear Cecilia, ill, very ill—has your Julia been since her last to you; the tender heart of my friend would have been too much affected, did you know all I suffered in those few days; I am happy you were unacquainted with it, till I could inform you myself, and at the same time tell you my health

health is now returned, but ah! Cecilia not my peace: Yet do not despise me for a weakness, which I will endeavour to conquer; nor blame me for again declaring I could never accept Sir George Mordaunt, whilst my idea of perfection is lord Seymour, I should think it criminal to become the wife of another. Do not imagine 'tis his matchless form, his personal beauties, that have caught me; no my Cecilia, the heart of your Julia is not the conquest of a lovely face: Beauty is his least perfection. To a heart governed by a generosity unbounded, he adds a mind accomplished, elegant and tender; these were the attractions that engaged my friendship, it was more my Cecilia, you know the sensibility of your friend, you have seen my health, my life attacked by the folly of indulging sentiments too tender, to be harboured in a female breast, but you shall in future see my reason triumph over passion: I owe the effort to my much revered lady Seymour, who is much altered by my illness, I will strive by my unremitted attention to smooth her down of life: Heavens! what she would suffer if she knew the cause of my late indisposition.

I believe I shall see lord Seymour with more composure than I should before my illness. Emily tells me he has been almost distracted on my account, to be sure he blames himself

himself for the agitation he occasioned me; how unhappy am I in giving pain to those I love, untill that unfortunate morning thought myself compleatly happy, but that idea soon vanished," and like the baseless fabrick of a vision left not a wreck behind." If happiness was a perrenial flower how industriously should we shun every thing that would be likely to destroy it, but alas! where is the soil in which it always blooms, in most that I have seen it fades away; nay sometimes it is blasted before it takes root, and indeed my Cecilia my seed of happiness lay on the surface. When I contemplate the virtues of lady Seymour, and the friendship of my Cecilia, the world has little else in it to engage me: Lord Seymour I have bid an eternal adieu to, in any light but that of a friend, I think I can now see him without emotion, and time I hope will effect the rest, and make me not unworthy the esteem, and love Cecilia bestows on her

JULIA S. LEGER.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

From the SAME to the SAME.

Seymour-Castle.

WHAT can occasion the silence of my dear Cecilia, at a time I stand in the greatest need of her advice, the dreadful interview is over: lady Seymour brought lord Henry to see me on sunday, you cannot imagine any thing to equal my distress; I was ready to sink, but by the help of my salts I kept myself from fainting: He I think seemed in equal confusion, Emily fortunately engaged lady Seymour at the window, (for I believe
the

the dear girl suspects something,) till my lord had paid his compliments to me, he said but little and soon retired.

The Newbourg family arrived on Monday, to you my sweet friend I may confess the uneasiness their coming occasioned me, as I have not recovered my spirits sufficiently to mix with strangers, not that I give way to lowness or unpleasing reflections, but thoughts will obtrude; I strive to banish all that are disagreeable, and to convince you I am sincere you shall see the power I invoke.

Come hope thou kind persuasive maid,
Apply thy gentle art,
Oh! hither haste with thy soft aid;
To heal my recent smart.

It is not but what Cecilia, I have suffered a great deal to bring my mind to be so composed, but I now consider if this unfortunate accident had not happened, could lord Seymour be any thing to me; my fortune is too small to gain the approbation of his family, they look to a match with lady Carolina Newbourg, who has sixty thousand pounds at her own disposal, and the earl her father will give as much more. Money is wanted by the duke, the extravagance of
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the marquess having involved the estate: But why must lord Henry be sacrificed? Deceive not yourself Julia lord Henry approves the match. Happy lady Carolina, thy guardian angel has been watchful of your happiness, whilst mine has slept unmindful of his charge; forgive me my Cecilia for bringing the tear of compassion in thy laughing eye, but it is not the first time I have distressed the heart of my sweet friend. I did not leave my room till monday evening, when Emily came to bring me to the drawing-room; when I entered lady Carolina was seated at the harpsichord, playing a lesson of Sacchini's, lord Seymour accompanying her on the violin: She plays with great taste and judgment, lady Seymour introduced me in the most affectionate manner, and spoke of my illness in terms that made the tear tremble in my eye; lord Henry as he led me to a chair expressed his joy at my recovery, and on seeing me again down stairs; I bowed my thanks, for my voice failed me. Emily did every thing in her power to compose my too visible agitation, and by the time tea was over she had pretty well succeeded.

I shall leave my description of the visitors till my next, as I want to make a request of my much loved friend; why my Cecilia will you defer your own happiness and that of so deserving a man as Sir Charles, as you know what you allude to will never happen,
be

be superior to all female arts; you love Sir Charles, he is worthy of you; by a union with him you make many happy, yourself greatly so: You say your mother's heart is set on it; will you disappoint her hopes? Surely Cecilia you will not be disobedient to her desires, and let me be informed in your next, that the day is fixed, when that is done may you be ever happy. Adieu, I dispatch this with every wish for your felicity, and believe me ever your sincere friend,

JULIA St. LEGER.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

Miss CECILIA WALDERGRAVE, to Miss St.

LIGER.

Grosvenor-Square.

I Tell you Julia it will never be, though you my sweet friend use all your soft persuasive rhetorick, it will be all in vain; I have vowed a vow, and that is registered, so it is in vain for you to plead, as it is not in my power to grant your request, perhaps you are afraid of his constancy; if he is fickle let him go, I shall have a fortunate escape, if otherwise he will meet his reward
from

from my fair hand, will that satisfy you? Take my word for it, I would prefer a description of your rival, (as I have not seen her since she came from France) to your matrimonial advice, if I had been lady Carolina I should have never made one of the party to the castle, it is so like going to seek a husband.

And now Julia since you have declared you will not have lord Henry, what think you of lord Orford; if I was not some how or other so entangled with Sir Charles, (I do not know what bewitched me to give him so much encouragement,) I really imagine I should entertain a tendre for his lordship; he is so insinuating, so tender, and so sentimental, on my life I think he must succeed whenever he pleads in earnest: I have told Sir Charles so, but he is too volatile to be made uneasy by any thing I say of that kind. I believe the man stands so well in his own opinion that I could not make him jealous: Do you know Julia I am beginning to be displeased at his attentions, for he has absolutely banished all my Beaus, but poor lord Melvin, who is like the dial to the sun. I really think I am as much neglected as if I was married. Now Julia have you no pity for my melancholy situation, let me entreat you'll compose your mind, and be not so great a
charl

churl of your sentiments for lord Seymour, unbend a little and he'll soon discover what will enforce the happiness of each; I again beseech you my dear girl to consider the sad predicament I stand in: you only can save me from further mortifications, therefore be speedy in your determinations, as you love your friend

CECILIA WALDERGRAVE.

ETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

Miss St. LIGER to Miss CECILIA WALDER.

GRAVE.

Grosvenor Square.

YOUR last letter my dear Cecilia gave me sincere concern, to see my much beloved friend play with her happiness in a manner really alarming, it is not that I suspect Sir Charles's constancy, or your power to charm, but no man of sense my dear Cecilia likes to be made a fool of; how could you suppose your Julia's heart should be capable of another attachment,

attachment, you who are acquainted with the weakness of your friend, the wound is not yet heal'd, take care Cecilia you do not make it bleed afresh.

I am striving against a passion that had almost brought me to the verge of the grave, I hope to conquer but will take care never to admit another guest, my nature recoils at the bare idea. As you love me do not then teize me about what will never happen.

Lord Orford is very amiable, he is every thing you say, and I am afraid beholds your Julia with the eyes of partiality; do not accuse me of vanity, his attentions are too marked to escape notice, lord Henry rather leaves him opportunities to entertain me; indeed Cecilia you are mistaken in regard of his sentiments for me, to lady Carolina he is complaisant but distant, she seems to expect a great deal more than she receives; to you a description of her ladyship I should think unnecessary, but that you say you have not seen her since her return from the Continent, and I am told she improved in her person amazingly the two years she was there; her age I suppose you know to be about three and twenty, a Brunetta but of the best stile, rather shewy than pretty, extremely lively and degagee, not the least of the *Mauvaise honte*, her air, her person, her deportment, her *tout ensemble* convey strikingly the woman

man of quality; but Cecilia she is rather forward, she wants a little of her brother's tenderness of disposition to make her amiable, do not think I see her through a false medium, I give her all her due, but in my opinion she is not formed to make lord Henry happy; you smile my dear Cecilia, but I am very serious. Emily I am afraid does not behold lord Orford with the eyes of indifference, I wish he would see the perfections of the sweet girl, she is always praising him to me, but I have told her my sentiments in regard of him. Farewell my dearest Cecilia and believe me ever Your's,

JULIA ST. LEGER.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

Lord HENRY SEYMOUR, to *Sir* CHARLES

WILMOT.

Seymour Castle.

I Am apprehensive Wilmot it was decreed when I came into this world, I should be unhappy; but why should I presume to accuse providence when I have made my own fate.

I have seen Miss St. Leger, she is greatly altered, but not less beautiful in my eyes : I think

think her if possible a more interesting figure than before, a cruel something preys upon her heart, what I would give to know the cause, provided, it was in my power to remove it. Oh! Wilmot, the canker worm feeds on her lovely cheeks, her health and spirits visibly decline; if I offered my heart and hand I do not think she would accept them, if she did it would be a divided heart I should obtain, and that would never satisfy your friend. No, no, I doat, I adore, but refine too much to be happy.

Lady Carolina Newbourg and that family are here; you know the Duke's sentiments with regard to that match, but it will never be; my eyes are closed to beauty, I only feel its influence when I turn them inward, and gaze upon the image in my heart, for I think my presence adds to her uneasiness; Orford is I am sure deeply struck, I do not know one more likely to succeed (if she is disengaged) by heavens! Wilmot there's madness in that thought, shall I stand tamely by and see her on whom my hope of happiness is placed, torn from me: I am dissatisfied with myself, direct me my friend how to act, but why ask advice I cannot take? For if she accepts lord Orford I will not answer for the consequences; my brain
is

188 SEYMOUR CASTLE.

is on fire at the bare idea. I must bid you
farewell, as it is not in my power at this
time to write with the least connexion,

Ever Your's,

HENRY SEYMOUR.

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

Lady CAROLINA NEWBOURG, to Miss NE-

VILL.

Seymour-Castle.

“ From harmless plain work, and from croaking
“ rooks,
“ Old fashion’d halls, dull aunts, and godly
“ books.”

OFFER up your prayers for your Carolina to be delivered, that she may be at liberty

liberty to enjoy the smoak and noise of her enchanting London; for though there is youth and beauty here, they are so primitive, so made up, if it was not for the male creatures that inhabit this gothick mansion, I would swear I had been conveyed to a nunnery to do penance for my sins. As for my intended he is a charming fellow, but would you believe it, he beholds my ladyship with as much indifference, as he would the picture of his grandmother, or what is worse, if I was six months married to him. You will very naturally ask what talisman he possesses to make him invulnerable to the power of my all subduing charms. I tell you Harriet I am afraid he has a penchant to a Miss St. Leger, who is a ward of lady Seymour's, it is the fashion here to admire her; she had been ill before we came, if you were to see lord Seymour's attentions to her, you would absolutely idolize him, and hate the cause as much as I do: I am not of a disposition to sit tamely down with a disappointment, I was resolved to accept of his lordship before I saw him; The marquess his brother is in so bad a state of health, that there is little hopes he will recover, but ill as he is, he is now enjoying the dear delights of Paris, wisely resolving to live all the days of his life, and strew the way over with flowers. It was the expectation of his quickly making his exit,
that

that determined me: Oh! the enchanting sound make way for the dutchess of Leicester's chair, &c. &c. My heart sickens at the continuation of lady Carolina Newbourg's servants. Give me rank and precedence, if lord Seymour does not change his mode of behaviour, by all the feelings of a slighted woman, I'll be revenged!

Lord Orford has a mind to play the fool, he has fallen deeply in love with this blushing sentimental Julia; I tell you Harriet I could not endure her to be my sister, my dislike is so fixed, I could not be always mortified with hearing of her perfections. My father and mother encourage him in his folly: She I am sure loves lord Seymour, her languishing eyes betray her inward feelings. We had company yesterday, amongst the rest a captain Sedly, an all accomplished fellow; who had the humanity to make me sensible by a thousand delicate hints, I had not lost my power to conquer; what a pity it is that he is a younger brother, but have I not fortune sufficient for both? I must guard against his insinuations, he is a pretty fellow to carry one's fan, to dangle in my train, but from making a husband of him, good heaven keep your

CAROLINE NEWBOURG.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

Sir CHARLES WILMOT to LORD HENRY

SEYMOUR.

London.

Tell you my lord that my happiness depends on you, Cecilia Waldergrave has declared she will not permit me to call her mine till her Julia is quite recovered; by your account of her that is far distant. To make use of your own words you refine too much to be happy, you multiply trouble to yourself, I want to know how you intend to be-
have

have to lady Caroline, who is gone all the town knows not to be courted, but to know if you'll please to accept her. To tell you my idea of the matter I think it rather indelicate, and am astonished at the Earl's not beholding it in the same light; but you are a happy man, Seymour, though like most monopolizers in that line, insensible of your own happiness: Sure you cannot have the heart to send her back a spinster, but whilst I am pleading the cause of the divine Caroline, you are meditating the destruction of her brother. Tell me my lord, have you acquainted lord Orford of your attachment to Miss St. Leger, if you have not, what right have you to be displeased with him? I am afraid of the consequence of your rejecting his sister, and your acknowledging a passion for Julia, what disagreeables might you have avoided by making that confession before they came.

As to my own affairs they are rather gloomy, by Cecilia's perverseness in not naming the time that is to make me supremely happy, though I strive to bear it with patience; lady Wilton finding she could not make me what she pleased, told a tale of woe to Cecilia, who behaved like an angel on the affair. I am now in my probation and hope to finish it with eclat.

Lady Wilton is gone to Spa, she has my pity, and I sincerely wish her a reformation; you justly say I cannot advise you, therefore write me your proceedings; these women what pleasing torments they are, what uneasiness they occasion us, but yet there is no living without them, they are necessary evils.

Burn this when you read it, for if a female was to set her eyes on it, I should be detested by the whole sex, and that would not much delight your

CHARLES WILMOT.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

Miss CECILIA WALDERGRAVE, to Miss St.

LEGER.

Grosvenor-Square.

WHAT! Julia turned match maker, it does not content you to reject lord Orford but you must provide him a wife; fie Julia are you not ashamed to be a provident gentlewoman at sweet nineteen. Hie! ho! indeed my love I have had my share of trouble since I wrote last to you. Lady Wilton lodged a complaint against Sir Charles Wil-

mot

not for a breach of contract, where he bound himself to marry her at the decease of her lord.

Oh! Julia your feeling heart will tell you better than words, what I suffered till it was cleared up, which Sir Charles did to the satisfaction of us all, but was oblig'd to confess he had an entanglement with the unfortunate woman, who thought to be revenged on him by exposing herself.

Lord Morpath when all parties were satisfied urged an early day, but in that I was immovable: I shall make Sir Charles do penance for past folly, for he certainly was very culpable, though not quite as bad as represented to me. I am shocked to death to hear of those horrid contracts, which are to be discharged, by the dissolution of the most sacred institution; for I do not think the unfortunate object that is the bar to the gratification of their desires, perfectly safe: In my opinion a woman that would be capable of signing such a contract, would do any thing to remove the obstacle to her wishes; if I was a man how much I would detest such a woman. Sir Charles behaves with proper decency on the occasion, and kisses the rod that chastises him, but do not infer Miss Julia that I am that rod; no, no, he is too sensible of his errors, to seek such a reward yet a while. My mother takes his part, are you
not

not astonished at the old gentlewoman, but in this I will have my own way, I will give no encouragement to vice, and for his future good will punish him a little, to make him more sensible of the value of my forgiveness, when I hold out the olive branch to him great will be his joy. The bell rings for dinner,

Your's in haste,

CECILIA WALDEGRAVE.

LETTER

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LETTER XXXVIII.

Miss St. LEGER to Miss CECILIA WALDER-

GRAVE.

Seymour-Castle.

OH! my Cecilia, your last letter pained my heart, thank God the disagreeable affair is over; you did not tell me any particulars of that unhappy woman, has she left her lord, or is her infamy made public? May she repent her wickedness and be sensible of her faults; we have too many instances of such horrible contracts, and I am glad Sir Charles has

has had it in his power to clear himself of such an abominable crime.

You may jest as you will Cecilia, but I wish I could make lord Orford see the amiable Emily with the eyes of partiality with which he beholds your friend, for I am now too certain of what is no cause for triumph to your Julia, that she has made a conquest of lord Orford's heart.

The earl of Newbourg has proposed to lady Seymour (is my guardian) for me, and took an opportunity to tell me he hoped his son would be so fortunate as to gain my approbation, and paid me many compliments on the happiness he proposed to himself in calling me daughter; I blushed excessively, and thanked him as well as my confusion would permit me, but declined the honour. Pardon me, my dear Miss St. Leger, said the good old man, if I thought your affections were engaged I would not have given a moment's pain to that gentle bosom, but let lord Orford sigh in secret; however, I would not have forgiven him, had he been insensible to so much merit. I raised the earl's hand to my lips, courtied and left the room, just on the lobby I met lord Seymour who appeared in a state of distraction, he seized my hands which he grasped very hard, and cried, (in a voice that terrified me) Julia
have

have you accepted lord Orford? Why, my lord do you ask? replied I, do not, do not, torture me cruel, unkind Julia, (oh! Cecilia if he could have looked into my heart at that trying moment, he would not call me cruel or unkind) he still held me; my distress was equal to his own, at last I said: indeed my lord, lord Orford is not, nor never can be any thing to me; he caught me in his arms, and said something, but what I cannot tell, my agitation was so great, and with difficulty I broke from him and gained my dressing room, where I should have fainted was it not for some Eau-de-Luce and water I took which revived me a little. What my dear Cecilia, am I to think of his behaviour? Heaven shield me, for I know not what will become of me, if he loves me, and declares himself: I do not believe it would be in my power to conceal my sentiments, marry him I would not with such a disparity of fortune, for I could not bear to be despised and hated by his friends, as I certainly would, for being the means of depriving them of lady Caroline's enormous fortune; never did your Julia regret the want of it till now, even the flattering idea of being beloved adds more pain to my bosom, as I well know I must not listen to its whisperings.

Lady

Lady Caroline seems very much attached to lord Henry, but flirts a great deal with a captain Sedly, nephew to lady Hardgrove, he is no way bashful, and possesses all the requisites to recommend him to a lady of fashion. She seems to dislike me very much, yesterday she endeavoured to mortify me, and made me colour (I believe) crimson deep, by saying she was sure Miss St. Leger was in love, and turning to me hoped it was not a hopeless passion I was entangled in; and then looked full at lord Seymour: Ah! lady Caroline, replied he, 'tis impossible that Miss St. Leger should ever love, and not have it returned an hundred fold; the man must be the most fortunate of his sex, on whom she places her affections. Hum! said she, has your lordship strove to be the happy man?

Company coming in prevented Emily from hearing his answer, for I had quite the room at the beginning of the conversation; fortunately for me, I had been standing up with an intention to go to my own apartment when she made her good natured speech, or I fear I should have rendered myself quite ridiculous by the confusion her raillery would have thrown me into.

Since the adventure on the lobby, there is a tenderness in his behaviour I never observed before, it makes me uneasy as I am apprehensive

henfive lady Seymour may think I am carrying on a clandestine correspondance with him; at times I believe he sees my unhappiness, and then nothing can equal his delicacy, though it is visible he is affected by it. Alas! why know I the misery to give pain to a worthy heart!

Lord Orford left this yesterday, I am afraid he has discovered my secret, something he said when he was taking leave, made me think he guessed the reason, why he was rejected, may he be as happy as he deserves is the sincere wish

of your affectionate

JULIA St. LEGER.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.]

[*The Honourable Captain GEORGE SEDLY, To*

FRANCIS MONKTON, *Esqr;*

B

Hardgrove-Hall.

YOU know, Monkton, my affairs were so deranged that it was not in my power to remain much longer in London. I made a virtue of necessity, and accepted my aunt Hardgrove's invitation to spend some time at the hall; on my arrival I was welcomed by Sir Jeremiah with a cordial shake of the hand, & you are, nephew, just come in time, there is a vast

vast deal of company at the castle; the great fortune lady Caroline Newbourg is there, why boy, she has one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, a great sight of money, sixty of it at her own disposal; they say as how she is to be married to lord Henry Seymour but we know better, my lord likes our Letty; but mum here is my lady, said the simple baronet. Thus did his tongue run on, and heaven knows when he would have ended, if his good lady's appearance had not put a stop to his loquacity, for you must know the grey mare &c. &c. So much for proverbs, which I have dared to quote in defiance to the established mode of good breeding; but take notice I have not intirely deviated from the line chalked out by that great master of politeness, for I gave you but the half of it.

My aunt received me with great majesty, and presented the children to me, who by the way are almost out of their teens, though but just emerged out of the nursery; as their mama very wisely thinks it is not good for girls to appear too soon in the world: I was paying some compliments to the poor things, when my lady cried out fir Mr. Sedly how can you talk so, to such children; my dear aunt, replied I, how can one see beauty in any age, and not admire it, and I think Sophia the exact counterpart of your ladyship

ship. I hit the right key, Monkton, Sophia is absolutely handsome, and her mother quite the reverse; find me a woman Frank that is not open to flattery, I have been her dear nephew and cousin ever since, and am even permitted to romp with the girls, and I think it an act of charity to give them a little wholesome exercise; so much for family matters, now to my plan which is to attack this lady Caroline; suppose if I was to win her sixty thousand pounds, what a happy fellow I should be; you'll ask what pretensions I can form, that have nothing but a red coat and cockade to recommend me; 'tis very true I am but a younger brother. If my father had judged right, he would have contrived to have left Tom the six thousand (with which I have bought my experience) and me the estate, Tom would have realized and I should have enjoyed the pleasures that affluence affords, and which he has not a taste for, now I have the spirit but not the ability. But I'll tell you what I think is much in my favour, I am a tall handsome, well made young fellow, have a good address, sing, and play well, and then I depend on a miracle, with a decent stock of assurance, which believe me Frank is a necessary assistant in our passage through life, and as for rhetoric, O! you Gods how I can talk! All your tender exclamations of
ah!

ah! and oh! are mine, and then I can sigh as if my heart would rend in twain. Do you think, Monkton, she is invincible, perhaps you'll say too that her affections are engaged. Psha what objections you raise, it is however worth the trial. This evening I am to reconnoitre the out works. Lady Hardgrove has sent to desire my attendance, you shall hear an account of my success,

Your's in haste

GEORGE SEDLY.

LETTER

LETTER XL.

From the SAME to the SAME.

Hardgrove-Hall.

VENI Vidi Vici. I tell you Monkton I fail before the wind, I am every thing with lady Caroline, though I did not expect to have so many difficulties to encounter; no less than three goddesses, but mine was not the decision of Paris, the prize was given to the golden dame, not to the goddess of beauty, for had you seen the soft insinuating Julia, you would allow her that appellation, and wonder at my fortitude. I was received
by

by lady Seymour with great politeness, and introduced to the company in a manner that bespoke a welcome. After tea I had the happiness to hand lady Carolina to the harpsichord, on which she is a capital performer; all my attentions were paid to her, only when my eyes unbidden wandered to the lovely Julia St. Leger, or her fair friend Emily Sidney. Lord Orford prevailed on Miss St. Leger to take lady Carolina's seat at the harpsichord: Oh! Monkton, how can I convey you an idea of the sounds that assailed my ear when she began to sing, the tones she uttered were soft as the shepherd's pipe, I had almost forgot myself in exulting hardly to be concealed, when lady Carolina asked me what I thought of Miss St. Leger's performance. I told her my thoughts were so occupied by one object I was insensible to every other; she swallowed it, and I could perceive she eyed me with more attention for the remainder of the evening. I tell you Monkton if there was a tribunal at which flattery was to be tried, on my tomb there would be few criminals arraigned at it, as few would prosecute, for what is too generally received with pleasure, now I lay it on with delicacy, for extravagant praise only serves to render the giver and receiver of it alike ridiculous.

At

At our taking leave, lady Seymour gave me a general invitation of which I have availed myself, for I am never from the castle. Lord Henry Seymour seems no way concerned at my affluities to lady Carolina, who it is very visible does not dislike him, that no way alarms me, for she may do as much out of pique as out of love; she often fastens on him and if he can, he turns her over to me, who am constantly at her elbow.

Lord Orford has left this, at whose departure I very much rejoice; I have no one now to observe my actions with a jealous attention; her father and mother leave her intirely to her own management. Lord Orford proposed for Miss St. Leger, and was refused; he took the first denial and gave up the pursuit. Lord Henry Seymour it is evident is enamoured of the divine Julia; and if I read right his lordship is not indifferent to her. Lady Carolina has requested I would pay my addresses to Miss St. Leger in sport, for you know Sedly I could not spare you, said she smiling; she could not command me to do any thing more agreeable to my inclinations. Her intention I am sure is to make a misunderstanding between Julia and lord Henry, which I will not do, but foil her at her own weapons; she has asked a favour and she shall pay for it; I am at present necessary to her, and I believe she would be uneasy without me, though I am
sure

sure if she loves, it is lord Seymour; when he flights her she flies to me, and to make up for his indifference I make her always pleased with herself, of course with me, in short I am become part of her existence; for she could not be said to live without having her vanity flattered: I know you'll blame me for taking so much pains about a woman that I have not a tender sentiment for; but that should be no consideration with a younger brother, who has spent his patrimony, and who has now nothing left but the poor pittance of a captain's commission, with the appendage of honourable to make my poverty the more conspicuous.

Now, Frank, what can you advance in favour of sentiment, when a fine girl with sixty thousand pounds is in view, and perhaps the father who is the most disinterested man living, may throw in with his blessing the other sixty to thy friend, the most acceptable part let me tell you; I flatter myself my next will inform you that every thing is settled to the satisfaction of your sincere friend

GEORGE SEDLY.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

Lady CAROLINA NEWBOURG to Miss NE-

VILL.

Seymour-Castle.

WHAT in the name of curiosity are you about, is this your regard to your Carolina, left intirely to myself not one friend to advise me; why did I leave town, the country was always my aversion.—

“ Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal
“ springs ;

“ And larks, and nightingales, are odious things.”

I tell you Harriet I am ruined, why did you not see the possibility of lord Henry Seymour's not liking me, and the disagreeable situation I should be in, if that should happen; you were not blinded by self love, so to prevent the laugh of the town being against me, I am going to do what I may all my life repent, to marry a man not worth a foot of land, but he loves me and I will reward him.

"And then the grateful youth shall own,
"I loved him for himself alone."

I wish I could say I love him better than any one else, but I should tell you what has drove me to this extremity. I mentioned in my last, I was apprehensive lord Seymour liked Miss St. Leger, I am now certain it is so, which had made me resolve to render them unhappy if I possibly could, for that purpose I spoke to Sedly to pay his addresses to Julia, though I must acknowledge he never compliments her but what it makes me uneasy: I soon found lord Seymour was not pleased at his assiduities, oh! Harriet how I enjoy the dissatisfaction his eyes expressed. On monday evening whilst my too happy rival was at cards, she drew out of her pocket with her handkerchief a letter, which I took
up

up. Oh! heavens! exclaimed I, what a sly girl you are, only think my lord continued I turning to Seymour, with whom she corresponds. Give me my letter lady Carolina says she; not till I shew it my lord replied I, which I did having substituted one of my own, which I had for Sedly in its place; I held the direction to lord Seymour, who exclaimed, is it possible, Julia looked astonished but took no further notice, when I gave her back her own letter, which I managed so well that no one perceived the change. I took lord Seymour's arm and sauntered out to the gardens, he is no way very entertaining, but I flattered myself whilst his resentment was warm he might make an offer, which I was determined to accept; but I was disappointed, after giving him every encouragement I possibly could, he left me, pretended business, letters to answer which he could not defer. Oh! how I cursed Julia, myself, and all the world; in this state of distraction my evil genius conjured up Sedly, who soothed my soul, and won me to his purpose, I could not resist his soft persuasive eloquence; I promised to be his, you cannot imagine his love, his gratitude; he caught me to his bosom, persuaded me to name an early day. Resentment operated in his favour, and I suffered myself to be prevailed on; perhaps I have

have been too hasty, but the die is cast, there's no retracting.

If you write it must be soon as I do not know the time I shall leave this. Ah! Harriet I am a bad plotter, I dug a pit and am fallen in myself; it is now no time for reflection; if I have succeeded in separating Seymour and St. Leger (two hateful names) it will satisfy your

CAROLINE NEWBOURG.



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